

#54

Lady Like

Exploring and Expressing Femininity

Ohmigawd...Angela's the Cover Girl this issue!



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Reality Check

Letter from the Editor

XXXX
XXXX

Angela Gardner

As I write this "Reality Check" Private Barry Winchell is back in the news. He was the soldier who fell in love with a TG lady and was murdered by a fellow soldier in his barracks. Gay activists

across the country jumped on the murder as a gay hate crime. Private Winchell is back in the news since the commanding general of Fort Campbell during the time of the crime, Major General Robert T. Clark, was nominated by President Bush for promotion to Lieutenant General and command of the Fifth U.S. Army. Winchell's parents and gay groups are up in arms that the general, who let conditions at his camp get to the point where a soldier was murdered for being gay, could possibly be promoted.

This is where this month's "Reality Check" kicks in. I have read several reports on the murder and interviews with Calpernia Adams (the TG lady Winchell met and fell in love with), and it seems to me that Winchell's death was not a gay hate crime. Winchell was heterosexual. His TG girlfriend, though pre-op at the time, identified as a heterosexual female. There is no suggestion of love or sex between two men in their story—this was a male-female couple.

The next thing that's a bit askew is the motive for the murder. The gay press and gay activists made a big deal about Winchell being killed because he was gay or perceived to be gay. According to them it was the murderer's hatred of gay men that resulted in Private Winchell's death. According to them, and Private Winchell's parents, this hatred was allowed to flourish due to the relaxed discipline at the camp because of the commander's lack of control.

If you read the interviews with Ms. Adams you would learn that Winchell and his fellow soldiers—his killer included—first met her at a female impersonation club where she performed. They went in knowing what kind of show it was. You would also learn that the soldier who killed Winchell was interested in Ms. Adams, too. So, no, a gay hate motive just won't fly in this case. The murderer didn't kill Winchell for being gay. He killed Winchell because he was jealous. He was drunk and jealous, and like many people in that state he did the wrong thing. If there was a lack in the camp command

der's discipline it had more to do with not cracking down on drinking in the barracks than a lack of enforcement of the "don't ask, don't tell" policy. But, gay activists wouldn't have gotten much press out of that, would they? No, the press value of one drunken soldier killing another because he wanted his girlfriend would not have gotten a single paragraph in the news, not to mention national television coverage.

For a time, Calpernia Adams did identify as a homosexual male. After a short time of that, still not feeling that she fit in, she realized she was in fact a heterosexual woman with a male body and she started the process necessary to correct that condition. She stated in a recent interview that when she met Private Winchell and they fell in love, "Barry's acceptance and love for me opened a door at a crucial moment in the formation of my identity and allowed me to hope for a normal life and love and happiness."

To have your first love ripped away by a senseless act of violence is bad enough but to have it happen when you have just come to realize that you could have love, happiness, and a "normal life" is entirely too tragic. I have lost loved ones to disease and that is hard enough to deal with. I can imagine that Calpernia must have been dazed for a long time. During that time she was, no doubt, too stunned and numb to really care much about how gay activists characterized her as a gay male in order to advance their agenda. And, the sad part is, I don't think it's done much for their agenda. In the report I saw on CNN about the outrage against the camp commander they interviewed an attorney who went out of her way to make it clear that President Clinton's "don't ask, don't tell" policy is irrelevant since it is illegal for gays to serve in the military.

By all means, let us all work for an open, intelligent society where discriminating against people for any reason (other than the fact that they're stupid as a stump, I think we need to keep stupid people out of the military and other positions of authority) not only isn't allowed but isn't even thought of. While we work toward that goal of acceptance and tolerance let's not grab other minority's members and try to use them and their confrontations with society's stupidity to advance our cause. Let's also remember that all violent crimes are hate crimes—and all violent crimes need to be dealt with in the same manner, no matter who or what the victim happens to be.

In May, Showtime premiered Pvt. Winchell and Ms. Adam's story in a film titled *Soldier's Girl*. For information on the film's availability on DVD or VHS visit [<http://www.sho.com/>].

For more information on Calpernia Adams visit her website: [<http://www.calpernia.com>]

LadyLike

Issue # 54
Summer 2003

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Cover Photo:

Angela relaxes at Casa CDS.
JoAnn Roberts, photo. Hair
and Makeup by Amanda
Richards

Centerspread

JoAnn plays the tune, Angela
sings the song, and Astra (off
camera) conducts. The result
is the NEW LadyLike.

LadyLike

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Night Moves

Just a Bit of What's Going on Out There



*Southern Hospitality
Biloxi, Mississippi Style
By Rachel Renee McCullough*



Zelda and Celeste

If you ever have the chance, you should come to the South! What a wonderful place for the wayward T-Girl. Beaches, Mardi Gras, Mint Juleps on the veranda, and that southern charm that exudes from every person and place you go. And one of those places is **Reflections**, a beautiful little night spot located on the beach at 1889 Beach Blvd. (Highway 90), in Biloxi, Mississippi. (228-594-0468) A few Saturdays ago a few of my dearest Sisters and I had the occasion to visit "Reflections" for the purpose of... Well I've forgotten the purpose now! But, anyway, does one need a purpose for good times with good friends? I think not! About a dozen of us decided to inundate this charming little club for an evening of fun. And what a great time was had. An evening of dancing and billiards, as well as a few drinks to keep us all on an even keel, and some of us danced most of the evening even in our 6" heels, Celeste!

And when a break from the techno dance music was needed believe it or not there was a veranda! On the beach side of the club there's a deck/patio with chairs and it's quiet with a beautiful Gulf breeze blowing in. The perfect place for an intimate chat and to feel the wind under your skirt!

A female impersonator show closed out the evening with some absolutely fabulous performers! The club's stage was positively filled with fringe, sequins, and dazzle of all sorts as the girls belted out ever popular tunes by the latest divas with eloquence, and when not lip syncing the girls entertained with delightful banter among the patrons. No one was immune to their charms and one performer made points with a GG guest by implying that she would take her man away! Anyway, it was all in great fun and the show was an absolute jewel.

So if you ever get the chance, come on down for some Southern T-Girl Hospitality. You'll be glad you did. Till next time, X's & O's from Rachel Renee McCullough your Wayward T-Girl Reporter!



Michelle Marie, Girl that outfit is barely there!



Night Moves



Ella Fitzgerald
at Ziegfeld's.

Washington, DC has an abundance of night life! **Ziegfeld's** (1345 Half St. SE; [www.secretscdc.com/]) features some of the best drag shows you'll ever see. Tina Turner, Diana Ross, Cher and many others will dazzle, and Ella Fitzgerald will make a sailor blush as she works crowd! If you're one of the lucky ones, she'll select you to come up on stage and, ahem, be part of the show.

Chaos (17th and Q Streets, NW; [www.chaosdc.com]) has Xavier Bloomington's Funky Diva Drag Show on Saturdays, with a wide variety of other events for the rest of the week: *Drag Kings*, *Latin Night Fiesta*, the *All-You-Can-Eat Hollywood Drag Sunday Brunch*, and the ever popular Tuesday night *Drag Bingo*.

If you want to dance, dance, dance, you'll love the newly remodeled and very spacious **Apex** (22nd and P Streets, NW; [www.badlandscdc.com]), and just around the corner is **Omega** (2122 P St. NW [www.omegadc.com]). Theme nights at Omega

include *Sunday Undies Night* and *Thursday's Drag Karaoke*.

After you've danced yourself up a hunger **Annie's Paramount Steak House** (1609 17th St. NW) is open 24 hours on the weekends, and 1409 **Playbill Cafe** (1409 14th St.) has a delightfully eclectic menu, fabulous wall art, and the owners Jeff and Elsayed will warm your heart!



Chaos



*Nashville Nights
By Stef Band*

Nashville has a fairly active nightlife for girls like us. There are a variety of places in which we can go out and let our hair down, so to speak. Here is a brief overview of the various "friendly" places in which to go. I will go into more detail in following months.

The Tribe, located at 1517A Church St, is a wonderful video bar with a fabulous restaurant.

The Chute, located at 2535 Franklin Rd, has a mixture of bars for any taste. Country, Techno and a Drag show.

The Connections, located at 901 Cowan St, is one of the largest clubs in Nashville.

The Cabaret Episode 2 is located at 833 Murfreesboro Pike, the large dance floor also doubles as the stage for one of the best drag shows in the area.



*Stef and Vickie Collins relax at the
Gas Lite Lounge.*

*The girls at The Tribe, (l-r) Sheena
Hayes, our reporter Stef and Miss
Barbara Allen.*



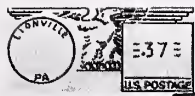
Gas Lite Lounge, located at 167 1/2 Eighth Ave S, is a nice little bar to just get together to talk with friends.

The Jungle, located at 306 Fourth Ave S, small cozy but not for the faint at heart.

The Lipstick Lounge, located at 1400 Woodland St, cozy with live bands most weekends.

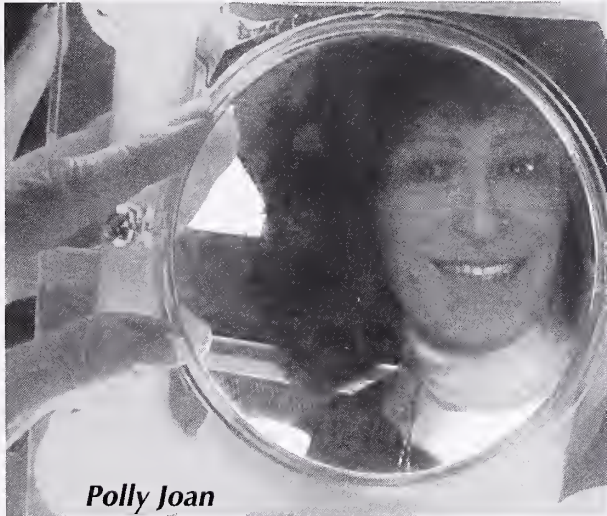
Whatever kind of nightlife you're looking for you'll find in Nashville! More details next issue!

LETTERS



Made At WalMart

Hi girls: Enclosed is check for my subscription as well as a couple photos which I would love for you to publish. My name is Polly Joan. I'm



Polly Joan

a 5' 10", 150 lb and downright gorgeous, if I do say so myself. Of course my SO thinks so too, as she is quite willing for us to 'do lunch' and shop out in the community on a regular basis. Sometimes I pass, sometimes not, but never let that worry me. We're just girls, out for a good time. I have a fairly extensive wardrobe, again thanks to my SO, who shops for me and with me. Mostly thrift stores, but what fun that can be. There was the one time I was 'made' at WalMart by an elderly man who speed walked around the displays three times to confirm his suspicions. Last we saw of him, he was seated at the blood pressure machine, checking himself!

The photo with the makeup mirror was especially fun. I set up and shot a number of them. I also discovered the bathroom mirror, set at the right

angle, works well. And this new digital camera that I bought my SO for eBaying is the answer to our dreams. Easy to use and instant results, (especially for those who need to be more covert in their dressing—but remember to hide the disks). But do I go through printing ink!

I'm a professional gardener as well as an artist/sculptor. I recently got into dressing up, so this is a fairly new lifestyle for me, but one my SO supports totally. I've always considered myself a bit shy but as Polly Joan, it's amazing the things I can do! The places I can go and actually enjoy myself! What a freedom this all is.

Anyway, thanks for a great publication. Can't wait to get the next issue. Fondly,

Polly

There's nothing like enthusiasm, Polly Joan. Now there's a combination I've never heard before, but that's artistic license I suppose.

A New Fan

Enclosed please find my check for a subscription to *LadyLike* magazine I recently obtained a copy and was thrilled to read your articles,



Toni

especially letters from your readers. I am just starting to come out and am very interested in what is happening with other CDs. Your magazine has some very good articles. I am truly amazed that there are so many beautiful crossdressers. Had I known how many other people there were out there that felt like me I would have been out of the closet long ago. Unfortunately, like many other's, I thought there was something wrong with me and hid everything. My only regret is that I wasted so many years hiding my feminine side when I could have been having fun. I took forward to reading *LadyLike* from now on. Enclosed is a picture and I look forward to hearing from other CDs. Thank You for making this possible and keep up the good work. Sincerely,

Toni Robinson, RR3 Rome, PA 18837

*The lament about all the fun you missed is a common one in our world. I waited till 30 to start exploring my femininity and I started sooner than many. All you kids out there, get out of your closets! There's no excuse in this day and age to hide at home. There are support groups everywhere and information about TG issues has never been more available. Don't write a letter to *LadyLike* in forty years and tell us how much fun you missed. Heck, by then we won't care about much of anything, will we?*

Like A Vanguard Missile

I really enjoy your magazine so very much. You have been in the vanguard among the various transgender magazines that are available to us in the United States. It is always a pleasure and a thrill to purchase your next new issue. Your magazine features some of the most



Gina

beautiful and sexy sisters in the world. Please continue your wonderful work in the future.

I am enclosing 4 photos of myself that I hope you will consider for your Mirror Mirror section of your magazine. You have my permission to publish any or all of my photos in your magazines. Please include my name and address with the photo(s) if you decide to publish it. I would love to hear from other sisters who read your magazine directly. Thank you for your consideration.

Love and best wishes.

Gina, POB 318103, San Francisco, CA 94131-8103.

Since we don't have a last name for Gina anyone writing might want to address it to Boxholder. Sometimes the post office gets touchy about delivery if everything is not just so. Of course, at other times they deliver mail for everybody who ever had that post office box. Go figure!

Wants To See Paradise

I am returning the extra copy of LL as mine finally arrived (not your fault) thanks. Also I am enclosing two recent pictures which you might wish to publish. Both were taken by my wife. (I married a keeper.)

I have been dressing for over 50 years. I started at age 7 when I was punished by being made to wear my sister's dresses complete with a slip, thin socks and white Mary-Janes. If it was a weekend, I had to



Sandi

wear the dress all day. Needless to say, I spent a lot of time alone in my room! It wasn't long before I would get dressed when no one knew about it. I was very careful about telling my wife of my special interest. She finally accepted this as a part of the same guy she married. Some day I would like to attend Paradise in the Poconos with my wife and was wondering if any others attend as a couple this way.

I hope everything is working out with your personal problems. Thanks again for a great magazine and the personal attention.

Sandi, Central Florida

Of course SOs are welcome at Paradise in The Poconos. There are even special sessions just for couples. But, you do have to be careful. The place is full of lovely TG ladies who want to party, party, party. Some SOs may wonder what the fuss is all about and if you bring her along be sure you plan some activities that she will enjoy. (A hike, shopping trip to local outlets, sightseeing, etc..) for some reason many women don't seem to get as excited about a chance to wear a corset, garter belt, seamed stockings and 5 inch stiletto heels as the average TG. If your's does, she really is a keeper.

"His" Admiring Led To...

Dear Angela,

Just a note to thank you so much for helping me along my

way to femininity. I have been a subscriber to LadyLike from the very first issue and have every copy of you and JoAnn's great magazine (somewhere).

In the beginning I was just an



Jo



Lydia

admirer of the many beautiful girls on your pages but over time have become more and more comfortable as a woman. Much of the credit goes to you. Being female and admiring and getting to know those who choose to be a girl is the most exciting part of my life.

Thank you for including my pictures in the magazine. Hopefully you can tell from my latest pics that my look is improving and getting softer. You and your readers/models are my inspiration. Please extend my subscription, I don't ever want it to expire!

J.O. Merch, P.O. Box 2672
Austin, TX 78768

Wants to Hear From Couples

Although I have long enjoyed *LadyLike*, this is the first time I have written to thank you for many years of support and networking for the TG community. Like so many other readers, I have my stories to tell, stories about when the little girl in me first emerged during 'dress up' fun with girls in my neighborhood, how my feminine-self counterbalanced my training and practice of neurosurgery—despite limited opportunities to dress up, and my first wife's refusal to accept my crossdressing. It has been an interesting evolution to this point, which finds me offering these words and a few photos. With the support and encouragement of my second wife I am finally blending my gender expression into my daily life — and somehow balancing this with raising teenagers! This letter is one of the ways we are reaching out to be more involved in advocacy for TG issues and to share the challenges and enjoyment of this lifestyle with others.

The enclosed pictures were taken

by my wife as we embarked on a day of Christmas shopping in southern Vermont last Fall. Although I crossdress with her frequently, her makeover of me that day surprised both of us, making me feel pretty and confident for my first time out as Lydia. I've never been entirely at ease in TG-style clubs, hotel rooms and support groups, although I know how important these venues are for many of my CD sisters. For me, to be dressed and strolling town, dining out and laughing with my lovely partner on this 'classic' seasonal excursion was wonderfully liberating. I will never forget the thrill of being addressed as "ladies" in one of the shops. We simply had a blast!

Reading in *LadyLike* about others living the CD life has helped me evolve to the point that enabled my wife and I to step out and enjoy such a trip. Our experience has made us less skeptical of stories in your pages that describe such high levels of acceptance. To experience the fantasy as a reality is indeed important to share! Thanks for the opportunity to do just that. We would love to hear from other couples.

Sincerely, Lydia, PO Box 1677,
Latham, NY 12110-3621

Lydia, you might want to look into SPICE:

[<http://www.rainbowtrail.info/spice/>]
(Spouse's and Partner's International Conference for Education)

She's Got The Look

Just recently I had a complete makeover at the Glamour Boutique in Auburn, Massachusetts, courtesy of Jamie. A fabulous experience in every way: thrilling, sensuous and, just plain fun. I couldn't believe my

eyes—is that really me? It doesn't come cheap, but neither is the professionalism responsible for the transformation. It's pure artistry, and worth every penny.

I saved for the occasion, thinking I would have it done for the New Year. I don't often get the chance to be Elizabeth and each time it's a struggle to get the makeup right. Sometimes I'd feel good about it, other times, not; frequently, I would get discouraged and depressed. I felt it was time to see just what a professional could do for me, if anything. I'm an old broad, turning 71 this month; I feel I'm still reasonably attractive but I haven't got all that much time left.



Well, guess what? You're never too old to look your very best and, to borrow a phrase, there's no excuse for not trying to "be all that you can be." I had the prints made up from the CD disc and am sending a dozen along with this letter,

am hoping you can use some in the Makeover section of *LadyLike*, or perhaps in *Mirror-Mirror*.

Believe me when I say it was a real thrill. I recommend a makeover to my sisters who haven't had one done, It will give your morale a great boost.

Sincerely yours, Elizabeth Hulbeck, P.O. Box 1731 Auburn, NY 13021

Va, va, va voom, Elizabeth. I hope I can look as sexy at your age. You can't beat the Glamour Boutique for that high glam look, but you may want to consider some lower cost makeovers that you could get more mileage from. There are local beauty salons who would be willing to have you come as the last client of the night and give you a more toned down look so that you could go out to dinner, or some other activity, as the attractive older lady you are... and it wouldn't have to cost an arm and a shapely leg. All it takes is the nerve to give them a call and explain what you want. Keep looking sexy and have fun!

Sweet Talkin'

Dearest Sweetest Editrix, (Who's she talkin' to?*)
I subscribe to LL and recently I entered a glamour makeover contest. As I fantasized about winning I dreamed of job offers, modeling for Newport News, or plus size lingerie catalogs, being able to compete with real women.

If there is no actualization of fantasy do you know of



Mabel

anywhere that might hire a waitress or a hat check girl, or a cigarette girl? I want to sell my house and start life on the east coast.

I know it's not a binding agreement, I just wanted the good advice and a sisterly someone and you seem to give good advice. Reality Check is good and I'm an old fashioned girl with old values and I work hard, and I don't smoke or drink. Please, dearest sweetest editrix, if there is a neighborhood in your neighborhood let me know where it is. I'm sure I left Kansas a long time ago, I'm not seeking Oz, just a job.

Mabel, 4294, Reno, NV

Well, as a great and powerful wizardess I gotta tell ya, it sounds like pie in the sky to me. You have a better chance of getting a waitressing job in Reno or Las Vegas than you do out this way. The only places that hire TG waitresses here are either in New York City (you'll drink, smoke and do other things you never did before if you move there) or at various gay bars and restaurants in or near other major cities. In the Philadelphia area I can only think of one place that may have a waitressing job. Even if you go west and move to the Castro District of San Francisco I don't think you'll find that much call for a TG waitress. Those other jobs, coat checking and cigarette girl might exist some places but you have to remember, young and beautiful is what gets hired. If you do land a job in the nightclub/eatery biz make sure you smile a lot. No one tips a surly waitress. What ever you did to earn the money you bought that house with, it's probably a better idea to stick with that and practice your ladylike activity when off the job. I won't even bother to talk about how unrealistic competing with real women for any modeling jobs is. Hope this reality check hasn't been too harsh.

Photo Tips

My name is Charlene Lewis. I just wanted to tell you all what a fine

job you are doing. I'm a big fan of *LadyLike* magazine. Love how your magazine is put together. It has a little bit of every-

thing. But most of all I love the photographs in *Mirror Mirror*. I'm sending a couple of photos so that you might use them in your magazine. I hope they do meet the requirements to be part of your wonderful magazine. I would be so grateful! And, I would be honored to be one of the girls whose photos appear in LL.

Sincerely, Charlene Lewis, PO Box 182, Lakewood, CA 90714-0182

We're glad you like LL, Charlene. Now here's the photo tips. Get the camera closer to you. Turn it on it's side so the longest dimension of the picture is top to bottom. We don't want three inches of your hotel room with one inch of you in the middle. You are the subject of the photo, not the drapes, bed and television set. Two, get the camera closer. You need the flash to be within 8-10 feet from you for it to light you correctly. And, get out of the hotel room if you can. Over the many years I've been on this job I've seen so many hotel rules placards behind our ladies that I know what they say by heart. Third, SMILE! I can't stress how much a good, pretty smile is to making a photo light up and show the feminine you. Lastly, try several different looks; short dress, long dress, skirts of different lengths with various tops. Now get out there and start that photo timer.

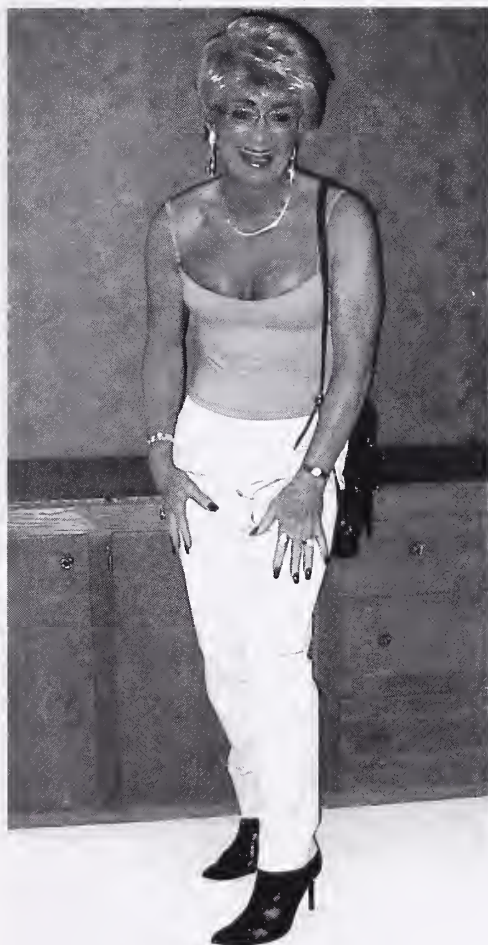


Charlene



Learning To Pay The Price

Why do I feel the compulsion to go out in the world dressed as a female? I pass to some. Some pay no attention. But to others I don't pass at all. The really telling fact is that a small percentage of those to



whom I do not pass will take it upon themselves to abuse and punish me. They will point me out, try to make a scene, laugh and make crude jokes and comments. They will try to degrade me as much as possible.

Now, I'm not talking about many incidents. It may happen once in a day or two or three times in several days, but it will happen. It bothers me a great deal, so why would I put myself in this position? Why do I insist on being in a circumstance in which a conservative preacher is demeaned?

The whole issue hinges on where for me life has its greatest fulfillment. At first, coming out of the closet I was content in a larger closet of others CDs. You are in the company of

the most loving accepting group of persons that any CD could want. Paradise In The Poconos is a classic example. You get to dress to your heart's content, and receive lots of positive reinforcement.

At the Southern Comfort Conference I found out what it was like to venture into the real world as a female in malls, restaurants, even the symphony. To have no protection, and be totally vulnerable was in itself very frightening. Yet, to spend two hours trying on dresses in Macy's with the blessing of the sales staff was absolutely amazing. They knew full well that I was a CD, and did not seem to care at all.

So, here's the point. If you feel compelled to be out in the world as a woman you will pay the piper. You will face overt and covert abuse no matter how many people you think you fool. The people in quality stores, salons, etc., will treat you with respect and politeness, even if it is insincere. If you act the part and spend good money you are home free. I've done it in Atlanta, Seattle, Los Angeles, and Las Vegas with total satisfaction.

All right, what is the problem? I tend to be my own worst enemy. I simply cannot wear plain, conservative type clothes. If I could my incidence of being negatively noticed would greatly decrease.

I work very hard at having a good figure, good legs and great cleavage. I work out daily, diet constantly, tan several times a week and try to be a sexy lady. So, in the daytime when I am out in a big city or resort, I dress the way I'd like to see an attractive lady dress. I wear nice, pretty, snug Victoria Secret pants; A very low Victoria Secret camisole top in a bright color; 4" boots or 3" heels and day make-up.

Yes, only a few GGs dress like this, but they are out there and I see

them. I am not a girl, but I have some girl attributes that a lot of real girls don't have or won't show. I expect that my mode of dress will get me noticed. I, quite honestly, love the attention. Yet, this also means that I will get much closer scrutiny than the woman in the sloppy sweat suit and sneakers.

The closer look is fatal for almost all CDs. I will be noticed and read by more people. I will be subject to more derision. A couple in Caesar's Palace seemed to go to great lengths to laugh, point, and make me want to hide. In truth, I looked a whole lot better than she did. There were no guys looking down her cleavage. You cannot tell me that she wouldn't have loved the attention I was getting.

My lot is to take my lumps with strength and dignity because even GGs face some of the same thing. I cannot allow myself to compromise what I truly love because of the handful of crude people who are everywhere. I go out because I am addicted to it. I dress a little slutty because I have the body and the equipment. I will do it my way or I won't do it at all. I am getting better and better at paying the price for who Candy is. I will get butterflies and want to run for cover the very next time Ramona and Roger Redneck try to ruin my happiness. But, I will not let them turn me into Mrs. Doubtfire. Candy is a trashy, little Tarheel, and her boobs, legs and figure are not going into the closet until they cannot cut it any more. I will get better and better at smiles and blowing hecklers a kiss.

This is not to say that I don't try to look very ladylike in the very fine restaurants that I love to frequent. Candy can be a lady when the occasion calls for it. This is not to say that she can't be a complete slut either in the proper environment. ♥

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A Naughty New Year's

*By Foxy Roxy,
A Lady By Choice*

An admirer from Minneapolis came down to visit me for the New Year's Eve celebration. He flew into town on Monday the 30th and rented a 2002 Lincoln. After I got out from work we went out to dinner as two buddies — no hanky-panky, obviously.

NEW YEAR'S EVE PREPARATION

Our office was closed the next day so I could get ready as Roxy at home in the early afternoon. After showering and shaving my body, I put on some sexy sheer-to-the-waist pantyhose and slithered into a long, black, strapless evening gown with boa feathers at the neckline and a sexy slit up the side. I slipped my pretty feet into my gold, 5" high heel pumps and topped off the look with my blonde beehive wig, that I only use on special occasions. I finished the ensemble with a pair of black, elbow-length, satin gloves.

Roger rang my doorbell at eight and when I opened it I was glad to see him dressed up in his all-black Armani suit, including an attractive gold handkerchief in his jacket pocket. He hugged me in the doorway, telling me how beautiful I looked and how sexy I smelled. My you-know-what twitched!

I grabbed my purse and black fur jacket and he escorted me out to the Lincoln, whose engine was purring in my driveway. Being a gentleman he opened the passenger side door for me and I glided onto the leather seat. Somehow in the back of my mind, I hoped the neighbors were looking out their windows. Eat your hearts out, fat women!

FASHIONABLY LATE

We drove to an upscale restaurant/cocktail lounge, called *Billy Crew's* just across the state line (in New

Mexico) for dinner. The parking lot was full so Roger dropped me off at the entrance and I strode in on my heels to place our reservation. In the crowded restaurant lobby, the owner, Billy, told me that there would be an hour and a half wait. I gave him Roger's name and when my date finally walked in, we made our way to the cocktail lounge so I could introduce him to my friends.



Foxy Roxy and her New Year's Eve date Roger at Billy Crew's after dinner.

The lounge was packed but we managed to find an empty stool for me at the bar. Somehow, Roger was not surprised to see that men I know would come up to me to say hello. In the ladies' room, while waiting for a stall, total strangers gave me compliments on my hair and dress. Back at the bar, Roger and I had a drink or two and enjoyed the music of the lounge's keyboardist.

DINNER

Before long one of the waitresses came to tell us our table was ready and we followed her to the well-lit, family-filled restaurant side. I was nervous as hell. What if everyone was laughing and talking about me? Great, dinner and a show! At the table, Roger pulled out my chair and we were seated. Since I don't know much about seafood, Roger showed me how to order lobster and he had the escargot.

Being with Roger gave me confidence and I even placed my order using my own voice. The meal went splendidly and I even asked our waitress to snap a couple of photos of us. We finished eating at about eleven and were



A Naughty New Year's


on our way back to the bar side. I introduced Roger to Billy and his wife. Roger, being a world traveler who's dined everywhere, complimented them on how delicious his dish (the food, that is) had been.

THERE'S ALWAYS A TROUBLE MAKER

The bar and it was now more full than before. The bartender signaled me when a woman abandoned her stool at the bar. Sitting next to me were two attractive, seemingly single women who appeared to me to be out prowling for men. One of them made small talk with me, asking where I had bought my dress. She also asked about Roger, "Is he your date?" "Yes", I replied as I put my arm around him to show her.

At eleven thirty Candy, my favorite waitress, brought us a hat-full of party favors, including noisemakers and a tiara for me! When she took a brief break with us Roger told us that when I had gone to the ladies' room, one of the two women sitting next to me had advised him, "That's a man dressed as a woman with you" Candy and I looked at each other. "And what did you reply?" We asked in unison. He said that without missing a beat, he replied, "I know. He's a good friend of mine—you gotta problem with that?" The woman was so surprised, she didn't say anything. Candy and I

high-fived Roger and we could not contain our joy and laughter. Imagine that! He had stood up for me—a boy dressed as a woman—in public!

Close to midnight the music stopped and everyone turned their attention to the TV (no, not me) broadcasting the countdown from Times Square. Everyone counted and when we reached the stroke of midnight everyone joyfully screamed and yelled, made noise and merriment. Roger and I turned to each other and hugged. Coming from somewhere above the hoopla, I heard Auld Lang Syne being played and strangers came up to hug us. Soon after the keyboardist began another long set of songs and patrons formed a conga line that snaked around the dance floor. I was tempted to join but held back, for fear of losing my seat. To make a long story short, Roger and I partied with Candy and others there until closing time! We were among the last patrons to leave. On our way back home in the Lincoln, I sat closer to Roger—my knight in shining armor (with his quick-comebacks), who had defended me against a 'snake' with ill will who probably wanted him for herself! Women! That's just the way we are! 

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Dragnet

Jane Martin

"Just the facts, ma'am"! My analyst uttered those words in a dull and practiced monotone. I smiled and entered his office humming those famous 4 notes. Once I was seated in the patient's lounge chair, I glanced around the room and noticed his walls were covered with doctorate degrees as well as Beaver Cleaver-ish family photos, Norman Rockwell prints and other medical memorabilia.

He sat down on a well worn, nondescript sofa directly across from me sipping coffee and taking copious notes. I told him in a direct manner that I was there not to be cured or exorcised. I wasn't diseased or possessed! I was there to seek advice so I could pursue my gender-related soul searching with some semblance of order. He assured me, good-naturedly, that he was a psychologist, not a shaman.

I was dressed in summer pastel colors and wore a pair of vintage sheer nude seamed stockings with tan Mary Jane heels. I crossed my legs, thigh over thigh, and removed a shoe to expose my pedicured and polished toenails. I gently massaged the arch of my foot for a moment then let my toes drape around the calf on my opposite leg. I savored

the feeling of my slightly moist toe-cap as it touched my stockings' back seam. An air-conditioned updraft briefly buoyed my skirt exposing my stocking tops. It gave me goosebumps momentarily on my upper thighs and a pleasant, albeit naughty, feeling of pain in my delta.

I began the session by telling the story of plain Jane; the tale of a little boy who wanted desperately to be a little girl. I spoke of my "aloneness and awkwardness" growing up, the feeling of guilt, the denial and the seemingly endless purges of girls' undergarments and hosiery. I recounted being caught "en femme" by my parents; the tension and the unease at home that occurred in its aftermath! I expressed the feeling of inner calm and emotional peace when I dressed. It grew exponentially as I interacted with other women.

The doctor empathetically asked, "How are you feeling about your gender at this time"?

I paused for a moment of introspection then said, "I feel chagrin that it's taken me so long to simply get here to this point of departure, both metaphorically and physically... coming to terms with myself and accepting Jane. By 'accepting', I mean getting to know that person inside of me who was created first, then conceived... given a feminine spirit before birth by a Creator and whose soul will remain female for all eternity."

I paused and asked him, "If the body is temporal and the soul is eternal, what is gender and where does it reside"?

My analyst apparently regarded the question as rhetorical; he smiled and let it drop.

He continued by asking my general thoughts on TGirl sexuality.

I began what became 'my discourse' with a simple sigh of relief!

It started with my story of "making love alone," telling a tale of furious masturbation sessions wearing a garter belt, stockings and panties that I had liberated from my moth-

ers' lingerie drawer. As my sister grew to full adolescence, I would 'borrow' intimate articles of her apparel, wondering what she and her girlfriends did when they got together and wore something so sensual. I eagerly embraced the fetish nature of crossdressing as a teenager, exploring that unbelievable feeling of female clothing draped around my naked, hairless body.

I recalled as a youth, hugging myself and eagerly searching, trying hard to locate all my erogenous zones, then taunting my nerve endings until I could no longer contain myself. I would daintily wrap my shaved sex in the sheerest of panties pilfered from a local department store and then climax in temple throbbing waves of pleasure.

I fondly reminisced about the combination of female adulation and lesbian lust that I felt toward overtly feminine girls. I adored the dating experience and recalled the vicarious thrill of feeling increasingly lesbian with each lingering kiss. I hungered for the taste of lipstick mixed with saliva then moaned with each tongue thrust deep inside my mouth. I loved creating 'panty soup' and feeling that gradual buildup of excessive wetness... watching it form then soak through the cotton panel of my girlfriends' panties. I felt light headed by the warm moist seminal scent flowing through my nostrils when she reached her climax.

Life in the T-trenches

Then continuing to answer his question, I described my experience in the T-trenches that would seem to indicate at least to me, that TGirl sexuality or sexual preference was a seamless continuum that transcended mere genitalia. Genitals were determined by a biological "roll of the dice" that took place at the moment of conception. In the TGirl community, it wasn't what was considered to be the defining element in a sexual liaison.

Dragnet

It seemed many TGirls longed to be "the girl" in a heterosexual relationship, having a furry "sugar-bear" boyfriend hold them and fulfill their need for intimacy and couplehood.

Some TGirls felt very lesbian and were attracted to genetic girls who were bisexual and enjoyed challenging the boundaries and pushing the envelope of gender and appearance. They ultimately felt a vagina was the symbol of womanhood and anything external was regarded as a disfiguring 'wart' that someday, hopefully would be removed!

Some TGirls felt very lesbian and only wanted to date, relate, mate and cohabitate with similar kindred TGirl spirits. They felt that whether their clitoris was 'a little man in a boat' or 'more phallic' wasn't the issue. Only spiritual gender mattered. The 'organ inside the head' determined the sexual relationship.

Other lesbian TGirls preferred to 'play the field', savoring a combination of both, and experiencing 'the full circle of femininity' without the 'stigma of plumbing' attached to their gender odyssey!

TGirls, who considered themselves primarily crossdressers, transvestites or what I would call fetish hobbyists, felt mentally male and were mostly attracted to genetic girls, or so "talked the talk!" They considered their clothing or 'dressing' their means of self expression and the vehicle for their sexual enjoyment.

Some full time TS girls were pre-op transsexual, awaiting gender reassignment. They often felt non-sexual because of their HRT or felt sex, whether alone or with others,

wasn't a priority at this stage in their journey. They usually added "I will work out my sexual preferences after my final GRS has taken place". Then with a hint of coy, girlish anticipation they would add, "It will be fun to be a virgin once again"!

Some full time TS girls chose to remain non-op because they regarded their genitalia as irrelevant to their lifestyle as the color of their pubic hair, if they had any! There were TS girls who were married and their wife desired to remain "the bottom" but they wanted their lesbian lover to have a "real strapon." For others, their wife might feel lesbian but, perhaps, too sexually unanchored if her TS spouse had a permanent vagina. Other non-op TS girls wanted to keep their genitalia intact purely because of the sexual joy it rendered to either their heterosexual or lesbian lovers (you determine the difference)!

The Truth about Plain Jane

My psychologist asked rather inquisitively about my sexuality? With whom do I relate in an amorous manner? What did I do for sex? Was it something I did 'alone' or with others?

I finally broached the topic by saying that emotionally, I respond only to femininity. In my case, I've lived through my "voyeur period" of solo self fulfillment and my desire at the moment is sparked by chemistry that's created when I'm in the presence of another high octane estrogen woman. Sometimes one, sometimes more than one! That vaginal catalyst causes a chain reaction that I have come to adore. My cheeks blush just thinking about it!

It always leads to supple limbs

doing a stocking top tango and panties dancing clit-to-clit heating our hairlessness to a fever pitch. My delta of Venus becomes molten. Nerve endings are taut, vibrating with pagan feminine desire. A hairless sex is caressed French style, searching for alternative lips and tongue-tips. My back-seams become lasers, guiding a hungry mouth to its target. A tethered garter belt becomes a picture frame, perfectly centering a lovers' mouth over its point of principal obsession. Lava flows, the earth quakes and the fragrance of love fills the room with a Venusian odor.

I paused and added, "I am somewhere on the sexual continuum".

At this point, you could hear a pin drop!

The doctor looked at his watch and muttered something about the session being almost over and making an appointment for a follow-up session.

Sessions always seem to end in two ways: on time and with no discernable advice being given.

I did notice that my psychologist didn't stand as I rose to exit his office. I do believe he had an erection!

Please feel free to write me with your critique or further storyline ideas c/o:

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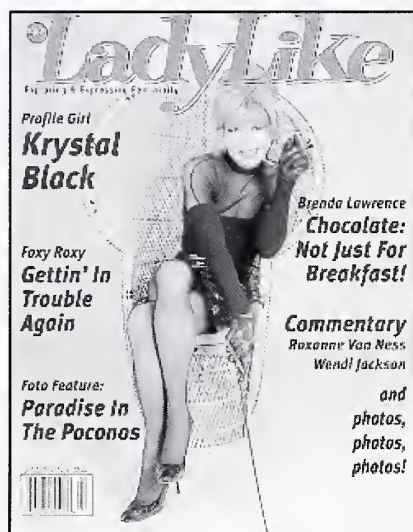
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Angela Gardner

(Honestly...it's about time) ❖❖

Stats:

Height: 5' 11"

Weight: 170#

Age: Old enough to have been around the block a few times.

Residence: Valley Forge, Pennsylvania (But there's nothing Colonial about her.)

Profession: Actor, announcer, editor, web designer, writer, musician, and eBay vendor

Shoe Size: 10

Dress Size: 10-13 (depending on maker)

Favorite Clothes: I.N.C., , ICE tops, Rena Rowan, DKNY, things from Daffy's, and anything that's a great bargain

Favorite Things: Well made things from jewelry to automobiles, books, my Macintosh G3 computer.

Turn Ons: Time spent being a woman with other women, intelligent conversation, sexy clothes (on other women and on me.)

Turn Offs: Ignorance, greed, intolerance and just plain stupidity.

Perfume: BCBG

Music: Pink, Sade, Steely Dan

Movies: I don't see that many but I like a good comedy, murder mystery or science fiction movie. If you can combine all three,



I'm in heaven.

Places: Anywhere warm but not too warm. An ocean is nice. I also love the energy of the city. New York and San Francisco are my favorites. London is great.

Activities: Bargain Shopping! Making music, fine dining, having cocktails in Martini glasses with friends, reading, doing desktop publishing and web design on my computer.



Angela Gardner has been our Editor since issue #26 and it only recently occurred to us that we have never done a Profile on her. To remedy that sad situation we decided to, as we say around the editorial office, "do her" this issue.

LL: Angela, you're the Editor of LadyLike magazine, you edit the Renaissance Transgender Association's magazine, Transgender Community News, and you are the Executive Director of Renaissance. How the heck do you do all that?

Angela: I have super powers! Just kidding. In addition to all that I do acting and voiceover work, and I have some website design clients. All of this stuff takes a load of time. That's why I resigned as Executive Director of Renaissance.

LL: But you still work for Renaissance?

A: Yes, I moved to the Director of Communications position. I maintain the website, which JoAnn Roberts first designed, and still edit TCN. I left the E.D. job so that someone more qualified could apply for the position.

LL: There has been a lot of confusion about the connections between LadyLike and Renaissance over the years.

A: Oh yeah. Renaissance gets calls from people who want to subscribe to LadyLike or go to Paradise in The Poconos and the CDS office gets calls about TCN and when the next meeting happens.

LL: Where does all the confusion come from?

A: JoAnn Roberts and I were founding members of Renaissance. For years Jo was the editor of the Renaissance newsletter, *News & Views*, and at that time she was also editing LadyLike and marketing it. She would go to TG conventions and talk about her own personal magazine, and also be telling people about Renaissance. Tight wigs often constricted blood flow to her listener's brains, so they would walk away thinking that Renaissance and LadyLike were connected.

LL: And they aren't.

A: Definitely not. LadyLike is a commercial enterprise of JoAnn's published by her company, Creative Design Services. Renaissance is a nonprofit organization that she and I helped start. When I began to edit *Transgender Community News* the confusion just got worse.

LL: Well the two of you have been involved in the TG community for a long



time. Please tell us where Angela Gardner came from and how you got involved.

A: Well some crossdressers start out wearing their



sister's clothes. I had a handicap there as I am an only child. I was interested in wearing women's clothing and expressing a feminine side since I was about four or five years old. One of my earliest memories of crossdressing was around that time. I was playing Cowboy and Saloon Girl on my parent's bed. It was a warm, sunny afternoon but instead of being outside playing in the dirt or running around the yard I had decided to play upstairs in my parent's bedroom. I had a new pair of cowboy boots that my

folk's had bought for me. As the cowboy I would strut around like a little John Wayne, dressed only in the boots, and ask the saloon girl for a shot of Red Eye. I had a curtain hold back that was made of the kind of fabric you see in wedding veils and it had a ruffled edge. I would wrap that around my waist with the ruffled edge making the hem of my skirt and be the saloon girl.

LL: How sweet.

A: Yes, I was having a great time. My big mistake was in not wearing anything but the boots and the ruffle - and being on my parent's bed that way. Mom came in and caught me. I don't remember being punished, they say you block these things out, but I know she must have given me a spanking for being almost naked on her bed in my boots. I realize now that she had no clue I was being a saloon girl, too. I



don't even think she caught me with the ruffle around my waist. But, somehow in my head I felt that since I was enjoying the saloon girl a little bit more



than playing the cowboy; I was having fun doing both but the saloon girl was a little, tiny bit more fun - that I had better not ever mention to anyone that I had liked being the saloon girl more.

LL: Did you play Cowboy and Saloon Girl after that?

A: Not until years later with a nice lady. But we better not go into that here!

LL: Seriously, what happened next for young Angela?

A: There really was no Angela at that time. I was just a little boy who was attracted to feminine things. I would step out of the bathtub with the towel wrapped around me like a strapless dress. I would practice primping like a lady or walking around my bedroom when I was alone. Otherwise I was a fairly normal acting kid. I now know from seeing interviews with comedians and actors like Martin Short and Jim Carrey that I was a lot like them as a little kid. I was outgoing, I always was entertaining people. I would put on shows for my mother by climbing on top of the deep





freeze in the kitchen and doing impressions of Ed Sullivan, John Wayne and other celebrities of the day. I changed though when I got to school.

LL: You became the class clown?

A: No, I got quiet and bookish. The American educational system took a bright, inquisitive kid and made him scared that he'd get in trouble if he asked any questions. I was one of the kids who had, "Talks too much in class," written on his report card. The teachers clamped down on me and instead of acting out like a class clown I retreated into my imagination. As a result I was mostly a C student since I wasn't paying attention to the class. I was thinking about something else. Mostly some adventure where I dressed up like a sexy woman and solved a mystery or something.

LL: Where did your inspiration for that come from?

A: After I learned to read I

became a fan of mystery books and science fiction. I would read the books and then after I turned the light out at night I would change the plot so the hero, now me, would have to crossdress or even change into a female temporarily to solve the mystery or save the universe. I didn't know they were erotic fantasies so I called them Mind-O-Vision Adventures! The end of the adventure would always be me changing back into a guy and getting the girl and the glory.

LL: While you were having these fantasies at night did you ever dress up in real life?

A: When I got to about 12-13 years of age my mother's shoes fit me perfectly. She had a cedar chest filled with old dresses and foundation garments from ten to fifteen years before and they would fit me pretty well. I only had the briefest time to try anything on at that age since my parents were always around. One night I actually became something like a trans-commando and crawled from my room, through a connecting closet, across my parent's bedroom floor, under their bed, grabbed the sexy stiletto pumps that mom had there and then crawled all the way back to the closet to put them on. After I wore them for a minute or two I had to do the whole thing again to get them back. I could have worked a special ops mission, I was that stealthy. I have no idea what I would have said if they had caught me.

LL: They didn't wake up?

A: No. at one point I thought for sure that they would hear my heart pounding but they slept on, oblivious to my secret mission on the floor.

LL: We know you did get to try on those vintage dresses at some point. When did that happen?

A: After I was about 13 or 14 my folks would leave me at home while

they went to the store or to visit some friends. Then I would make a beeline for that cedar chest and slip into a corset and dress. I never really dared to try on mom's lipstick. I was afraid that I wouldn't get it all off or that it would stain my lips.

LL: How often did you get to wear the corsets and dresses?

A: They would leave me home like that about once a week. It didn't go on for too long since I was a growing boy. The corsets got to the point where they were next to impossible to get on - or off. Of course I persisted. I actually think I may have injured myself. I would be desperately trying to get out of one, feeling that mom and dad would pull into the driveway any minute, and I would get pains in my side while trying to pull the thing off. Of course I was all sweaty and excited by the whole thing and that didn't make getting it off any easier.

LL: Too bad you didn't have a





best friend who shared your hobby. You could have been each other's personal maids.

A: Oh, nobody, but nobody knew about my private fun. From that time I got caught on my parent's bed I had kept my proclivities a deep dark secret. I had a only few friends in high school. We had moved when I was thirteen and I spent a year at a city high school and then we moved again. I made a few friends there but by that time I was sort of three people and my friends didn't know about one of them.

LL: How so?

A: At school I had to wear my "school clothes" which were picked out by my mom and were nowhere near what cool kids wore. I also, being firmly stuck in a bookish, nerdy kind of place, saw how practical it was to carry a book bag. Today of course, all kids carry packs with their books. Back then it was a bad idea if you wanted to fit in with the crowd. I had a satchel and that satchel got stolen from me and hidden many times before I wised up and decided that no matter how practical it was it wasn't helping my social life. It was too late by then though. I was in the Sci-

ence Club and, yes, I'm going to come clean now, I was on the AV crew. The only thing more nerdy would have been to join the Chess Club. Fortunately, I didn't go that far but the damage to my school persona had been done. I never got along with the jocks anyway. I was not at all athletic and thought sports were a waste of time. As a young kid I had played softball with my friends every summer but when I got to high school I wasn't that interested.

LL: That's your high school persona. What were the others?

A: At home I was a macho kid. I would wear what I wanted, which was black jeans, engineer boots with steel toes, and T shirts. I had a machete, a dog, a couple of guns. I would tear around on my bicycle and do guy stuff. I actually made thermite and gunpowder in my basement lab. I was a big fan of science, as long as it blew something up.

LL: Sounds pretty dangerous.

A: No, I really followed all the rules and never took any chances with dangerous things. I was taught about guns by my dad. He was in WWII and he drummed into me that guns weren't toys. They were deadly weapons and you didn't point them around at things lightly. I felt the same way about any rockets I built or explosives I made. It was my curiosity that made me interested but I knew that I had to be careful and take precautions, that someone could be badly hurt if I didn't watch out.

LL: So you were a mad scientist at

home. What about girls?

A: In all of high school I had one girlfriend who lived down the road from my house. At school she wouldn't let me talk to her. She didn't want to be seen with a nerd. After school I could go down there and we would go out behind her house and make out.

LL: Hubba, hubba!

A: Yes, I knew that I liked girls. They did the same kind of thing to my genital (not that I knew that word) region that fantasizing about dressing like one did. But I had no clue that there were other boys with the same sort of thing going on.

LL: That's common. Of course your "third person" was your feminine side?

A: Right. At night she would take over with Mind-O-Vision Adventure fantasies. She would pop up too when I was out and about. After I learned to drive and got my own car I would go to various places that sold books and look for new titles. Occasionally I would come across something that seemed like it had some crossdressing in it and I would read it there in the store. I would also go to newsstands and obsessively read any tabloid paper that had a "sex change" story. I'd hide it behind a comic book so no one would know of my interest.









LL: But you never wanted a "sex change"?

A: No, I would just read about it and wonder if it was related to me in

any way. Somehow the concept of actually changing my sex permanently never was tempting. I always had the idea of duality, or being bi-gendered in my mind. I was fascinated by anyone who crossed the gender border in any way but I knew that I didn't want to buy property on the femme side, just rent. Sure, if there was a machine like the Star Trek transporter that could turn me into a woman and then turn me back I'd be the first in line.

LL: That actually happened to Captain Kirk once.

A: I know, God, what an excited teenage nerd I was after that episode.

LL: What happened in your college years and after?

A: One summer I stayed on at college, Penn State, and worked at a local radio station for the summer. It was back in the hippy dippy days of yore and the radio studio was located in a sort of hippy mini mall. They had taken an old bank building and a bunch of stores rented it and set up small shops inside. The radio station built a studio there and we played progressive, or actually at that time, underground rock. It was a low budget operation and I was the only DJ on duty that summer. We were on the air from 5 to 11 every night. Part of the hippy lifestyle was the idea of sharing things. One of the spaces in the place was a Free Store. The idea being that you just took what you wanted and if you had something you didn't need you left it there for others to take. Since I was off the air

at 11 I could prowls the free store when no one was around. I got some white fishnet tights, a great pair of brown suede stilettos and some other cool girl stuff from there. When I moved back into the dorm at the end of the summer I kept the stuff hidden inside my guitar amp's speaker cabinet. To get it out to wear I had to take out 24 wood screws that held the face on the cabinet. One night I got paranoid that my roommate would somehow discover the small stash of girl stuff so I took it out and threw it in a dumpster on the other side of the campus.

LL: Your first purge!

A: And my last really. I'm sorry to this day that I tossed those shoes. They were hot.

LL: What else happened in college?

A: I learned the word transvestite, and for the first time thought that perhaps this was what I was. I had heard about homosexuals before and for a long time had no clue what that meant. After I figured it out I felt that I wasn't like that since it was girls and girl's clothes that seemed to stir my loins. The captain of the football team didn't turn me on in any way. So I had spent several years not having a clue what I was when I found the "T" word in a psychology text book. I went to the Penn State library and found a book called *A Year Among The Girls*. It was an exploration of the crossdressing community back in the 50's and it was a life changing read. (I read it in the library on the floor in the stacks so that I wouldn't be seen checking it out.) I learned that there were people like me for the first time. Men who wanted to be with women but wanted to dress like women. I was amazed.

LL: Like almost everyone you thought your were all alone.

A: I did. There couldn't possibly be someone else with these desires.

I had to be the only one. After reading that book I knew I wasn't the only one.

LL: So you went out and found some transvestite friends?

A: No. I had no idea how to find them. I kept going to school. One year I almost found them through an institution at Penn State called the Free University. It was another hippy idea. If you knew how do something like beading, or macrame, or pottery, you could list yourself in the Free University catalog and teach a class for free. One year the catalog had a course called "How To Impersonate A Woman." I almost had heart failure when I saw that.

LL: You said you almost found them. What happened?

A: Just moments after I saw the course a friend of mine came in and said he had seen the course listed and that it would be really fun if we went to the class and made fun of them. Of course, I didn't agree with him but I had to keep my mouth shut and I also panicked and thought: "If I go now what if he shows up? I can't be found there, freshly shaved so I can put on makeup. And if he found me there I'd have to start making fun of those people that I want to meet." So, I never contacted the person who taught the class and I went on working in radio, going to school and playing my guitar.

LL: How did you eventually meet others?

A: To make a long story short, I was married after college and thought that when you get married you are married and that's it. Life got tougher because now there were women's clothes right in the room with me. I secretly dressed while my wife was at work and I got very paranoid that she would find the hidden stash of clothes I had down in the basement storage area of our apartment. One day my whole life changed when she said

she wanted a divorce.

LL: Not because you were a crossdresser?

A: No. She never really knew I was a crossdresser. I had tried to tell her once but when she reacted badly I did what any man would do. I lied my way out of it saying it was a joke. She never noticed anything about my hidden activity. She had gone to law school, met another law student and had an affair. I was Mister Perceptive and after about six months of no sexual activity with her I thought there might be something wrong with our relationship. When I pushed her about it, she told me she wanted a divorce. I was very broken up about it but at the same time I knew that now I didn't have to hide my girl clothes anymore. When I got my own place I went shopping (very nervously) for some women's clothing and started to explore my femme side more.

LL: When was this?

A: It was the early 80's. I was in a band, I worked in radio and in a comedy club as a backup musician for a comedy team and at night I would come home and put on dresses.

LL: People always comment on how well you put Angela together. Was she a fashion plate right from the start?

A: Hardly. I wore some hideous things. It was after I met my friend Jayne that I began to learn about fashion, hair and makeup. We met in the comedy club where I was working and the first night we were together, in a romantic way, I told her about wanting to wear dresses. She was totally accepting of it which really blew my mind. Here was someone who said it was okay to dress up. And, after she moved in with me she taught me how to bargain shop, how to do makeup, how to put an outfit together... all of the things you can learn from an older

sister.

LL: But you were a couple right?

A: At first, but because I was so exited at being given permission to do what I wanted I went overboard. It's a common reaction in CDs. I was like a pressure cooker that had been on high heat with the cover locked down. When she said it was alright for me to dress up the lid flew off and the stew went all over the ceiling. That frenzy, and some sexual incompatibility, drove her away as a lover but we became best friends, and actually, sisters.

LL: Where did your femme name come from? We still haven't learned about that.

A: It came from Jayne. We would sit around the house with me dressed up and watch television. One night she said, "I can't look at you dressed like this and call you by a male name." I had never thought about a name for my femme side since I wasn't social. Dressing had been a solitary thing and my femme self was just the girl in the mirror. Back then I was wearing a long, curly, black wig and with my features I looked very Italian. Jayne was Italian and she said I should pick an Italian sounding name. She started going through names and when she said Angela I felt that it sounded like me.

LL: So that's how Angela was born. Where did Gardner come from?

A: Jayne had a very Italian last name and when her father would make reservations someplace for dinner they would never get his name right. To counter that he Americanized his Italian name into Gardner. Jayne would use that as a pseudonym if she met a guy at a club and didn't want to tell him her real name, so she suggested that I take it as my last name. I could even tell people that I was Italian and we changed it to Gardner years ago.

So, I became Angela Gardner and it stuck.

LL: What led Angela Gardner to Renaissance and CDS?

A: Since I had a femme name now I could get a post office box and subscribe to the *TV-TS Tapestry*, which I learned about through a long a torturous route that we don't have space to go into here. You got a personal ad with your subscription and one day I got a letter from JoAnn. We got together and the rest is history. There was a support group/CD party in New Jersey that I had been going to. I took Jo and she said we should start our own group in Pennsylvania. Some other folks she knew felt the same way so that lead to Renaissance forming in 1987.

LL: And you became the LadyLike editor in 1995 with issue 26. You've certainly seen a lot of changes in your life.

A: And the changes aren't over yet. Starting with this issue of *LadyLike* our readers are seeing a whole new look. While we have evolved over the years we all were beginning to feel that we had gotten a bit stale. Everyone loves *LadyLike*, we haven't had a complaint but we felt that we needed to add some sizzle. We've already started that process with the past two or three issues. We brought Jane Martin on board





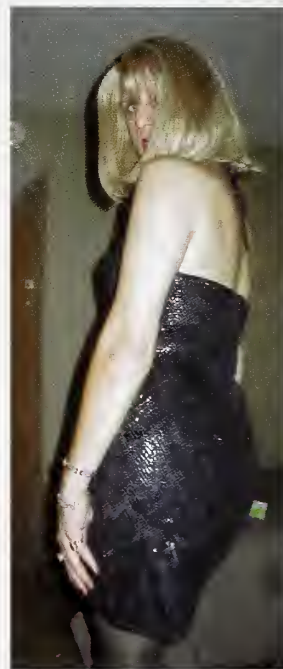
to add a little spice and we have gone even further by adding Amanda Richards as our glamour reporter. Amanda is part of the makeup and hair community as well as the TG community and she will keep us up to date on the latest trends and looks with her "Glamour Bits" column. We've put together a whole new look.

LL: Yes, it's an exciting time for LadyLike.

A: And for all our readers. Please let us know how you like the new look and keep your pictures coming in. Our readers photos will always be a part of LadyLike.

LL: Thank you for being a part of LadyLike and thanks for taking the time to talk with us today. Any final word?

A: Just my usual admonishment, be sure to smile for the camera ladies.



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The Shaping of a Crossdresser

Hey, ladies. For better or worse, 'tis once again time for your's truly to wax historical. For starters, please examine the "vintage" snapshot. Shirley Temple? No, sillies. That's Me at age 2, flaunting the trademark blonde curls. (I was already evolving into a mousy



brunette.) Note the stylish cardigan. The designer overalls. The menacing branch... (Early dominatrix tendencies, perhaps... Nah.) Alas, the sexy skirts, neat nylons, and hip heels would have to wait a long

while. (Darn.)

One may not perceive it from the pensive frown, but back in 1949, I stood on the brink of the best childhood anyone could hope to experience. This having been said, what the future held thereafter would be decidedly stranger than fiction.

The story begins at the Royal Victoria Hospital, on April 22, 1947. That same day, a black couple was

also blessed with a baby boy. (Mom insisted that the two of us easily sported the most powerful vocal cords in the ward.) Still, even now, I can't help wondering whether we had been switched at birth. Such an error could explain my sporadic desire to become "Deneece," couldn't it? Er... couldn't it? (Work with me here.)

Equally noteworthy, I attended an elementary school called St. Roch's. For the record, "Roch's" is pronounced "Rox." (Hey, was that an omen and a half or what?) And, as long as we're on the topic of destiny, my fourth-grade teacher happened to be one Miss Venasse. (Would I lie?) Furthermore, the fellow who taught my sixth-grade class was Mr. Hello. (What's that got to do with the current theme, you ask? Nothing, I just wanted to see if you were paying attention.)

Without exaggeration, I was a handsome little guy, well behaved, and an "A" student. In other words, I amounted to an aesthetic/attitudinal/academic triple-threat. (Obviously, I took I wrong turn somewhere along the road of life.)

I grew up in an amazing era. In those days, it seemed like everybody knew everybody else and, if you couldn't be friends, you were at least civil with one another. Neighbors resolved disagreements with

simple discussions. (Okay. Maybe the odd dispute went as far as an argument.)

Whenever I dreamed of having this or that for my very own, my parents usually provided even more. Gosh, were they perceptive. In retrospect—considering all the presents that came my way—I'm astounded I didn't wind up spoiled. (Permission to curtsy?)

Material goods aside, immensely fulfilling were the countless bonding opportunities. For example, every November, my mother would bring me to Eaton's Santa Claus parade. Then, we'd enter the department store to climb aboard the scale-model train. (Yep. Mom, too, despite a weight problem.) Afterwards, I'd sit on Santa's knee, telling him what I wanted for Christmas. (The chooch and I are no longer on speaking terms.) Finally, we'd walk a few blocks to my father's place of work. Typically, even though swamped with deadlines, he was always thrilled to see us.

- Mom and I went to all the Disney animated films.

- Mom used to take me skating, on a frozen puddle. (How's that for a high-tech sports facility?) I can still hear her repeated warnings: "Don't tear my stockings. Don't tear my stockings." (Wobbly ankles notwithstanding, I didn't.)

- On selected Sundays, perhaps once or twice a year, Dad and I traveled by streetcar to Cartierville Airport and watched small aircraft taking off and landing.

- Occasionally, the three of us spent post-twilights at a deserted park, marveling at the fireworks displays taking place across the railroad tracks. (Yes, we sat alone in the pitch blackness, yet no one ever bothered us.)

- One summer day, Dad and I strolled along Old Orchard Beach. My hand in his, he led me into the frigid ocean waters and, once we'd reached chest level (mine, not his),

he yanked open my swimming trunks, letting in the entire Atlantic. (Very funny, oh beloved pater.)

My friends and I played hide-and-seek, cops-and-robbers, etc., etc., etc. (One elderly widow, who resided only 50 yards down the lane, consistently advised me to go home, because I didn't "belong." Meanwhile, two senior ladies living in my neck of the woods relentlessly bribed all of us with candies to "go make noise somewhere else." We organized after-supper softball games in a nearby golf course. (Dad always joined in, distinguishing himself as a perennial m.v.p.),

We also explored the nether regions of that very golf course, sometimes all the way to the infamous "third creek." And, natch, we boldly rode our bikes where no kid had gone before.

Those were the days of such ground-breaking television programs as "The Lone Ranger" (my hero.), "The Mickey Mouse Club" (I adored Annette.), and "Howdy Doody" which, interestingly enough, featured a male clown named "Clarabelle".

One, then, could accuse my generation of having grown up in an alternate universe. At the risk of being overly nostalgic, I suppose that's true. Still, the fifties weren't utopian times by any means. There existed some real concerns: the Cold War, a major polio outbreak, corruption in the local police force, (Car 359 - or was it 3577 - habitually appeared out of nowhere to "confiscate" our legally-purchased firecrackers. Thankfully I no longer brandished a stick, I might have been cuffed for assault.)

Alas, all was not harmonious within the hemispheres of my blossoming brain. Certain strange "indications" periodically manifested themselves. These, though scattered and seemingly disconnected, would ultimately merge to shape my adolescent years and beyond.

(1) Okay. As a child, I wore my

hair long. (A fact you already know.) Yet, no, this wasn't some sinister plot orchestrated by my mother to create a "daughter." Not a chance. Rather, it was all the rage for boys under 3 to do so. My cousin, Michel, insisting he wanted to be mistaken for a girl, held out until age 6.

(2) Mom often entered the bedroom clad solely in brassiere, girdle, panties and stockings and proceeded to finish dressing in my presence. Although I neither protested nor fled, the routine made me uncomfortable. (Nowadays I squeeze into those very same underthings whenever the mood strikes me.)

(3) More than once Mom. mentioned, "With those long eyelashes, you should have been a girl." Mind you, it was an innocent comment, but I found it quite embarrassing. (I've long since become a loyal proponent/user of lush, jet-black mascara.)

(4) One day, I happened to be daydreaming and subconsciously admiring my body, when Mom abruptly came into the room and startled me. Eeek. (My precise reaction.)

(5) Talk about perplexing rituals. Summer evening baths eventually came to include patting soap suds onto my face and relishing the feeling as the layer dried. If I concentrate, I can reexperience the combined July heat and unique beauty-bar fragrance. Naturally, my parents, in the kitchen, remained blissfully unaware of this odd behavior. (Just recently, I gave myself two genuine facial-mask treatments. Hey, pampering's the name of the game.)

(6) On those occasions that I watched, or even recalled "Peter Pan" (the televised stage version) I found myself longing to be one of the Lost Boys. I suppose the animal skin suits, a form of disguise, paralleled the femme experience. And, complicating matters, Mary Martin's

title-role portrayal amounted to female-to-male crossdressing, n'est-ce-pas? (By this time, I realized "something" was simmering inside me.)

(7) As a grammar school pupil, I used to wonder what in the world my female counterparts wore. (See? It wasn't the little feminine bodies per se that fascinated me; it was their clothing. Heck, I couldn't distinguish stockings from tights from leggings from...) And iron clad scholastic rules stressing strict separation of the sexes served only to deepen the mystery. (I won't dwell on the effect that passerby bobby soxers had on me.)

(8) At a family Christmas party, I spotted my teenage cousin, Angelina, dancing the night away in a sleeveless gold dress. Wow! Nevertheless, it was her flawless legs that captivated me. I was hooked. Fortunately, I felt no corresponding obsession with her armpits. Gosh, those antiperspirants can kill ya, literally. (Ptooeey-ptooey.) Anyway, the gam fetish turned out to be a one shot deal never to return. Still, guess what? (Are you guessing?) I'm now the proud owner of a similar dress, and dutifully shave my own legs and underarms like a good girl. Who'd a thunk it? (And Elvis used to claim he was all shook up.)

(9) One Halloween, Mom offered me one of her old frocks for a costume. I declined. Though a teeny-weeny part of me wanted to say yes, I lacked the nerve. Instead, I wound up playing a no frills version of, who else, the Lone Ranger. On October 31, 2000, my "Beverly" persona ventured out and under her raincoat lay a plethora of maternal hand-me-downs. Gee, it had taken me a mere 43 years to conjure up the courage.

(10) Once, while delivering newspapers, I was met at a front door by a young woman wearing, among other enigmatic paraphernalia, red shorts over green tights. (Why was I so intrigued? Dunno.)



So "stimulating" was the sight that it overshadowed my twice being attacked by the clan's German shepherd (Despite my heading for the hills lickity-split, Queenie managed several frenzied orbits around a hapless human planet.)

(Footnote) Circa 1955 an uncle decided to dress up two of his nephews—including Michel (yep, one and the same)—as girls to complement his own daughters for a somewhat "unorthodox" photo shoot. Luckily, or unluckily (your call), I was nowhere around at the time. No, in my case, any bona-fide forays into the realm of femininity would be delayed until the onset of puberty when ye olde CD floodgate burst wide open.

In retrospect, it's hard to believe that naive little boy has matured into this cynical female contributor. (At least, I hope I've matured.) Isn't it amazing how padded foundation garments, mit makeover, can radically alter one's self-image? (A gorgeous outfit can't hurt, either.)

You may now scrutinize the contemporary photo. (Please please?) See a difference? Exactly. Blonder than ever, I hardly resemble Shirley Temple. Moreover, I've discarded the sweater. Hey, if I'm going to go to all the trouble of shaving and scenting my underarms, I may as well show the little darlings - n'est-ce-pas?



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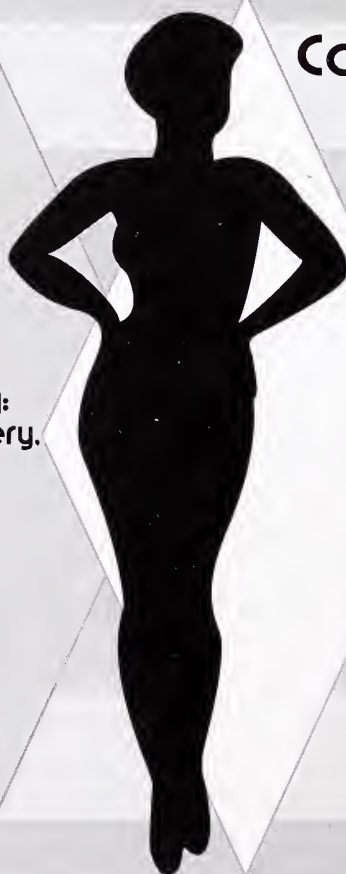
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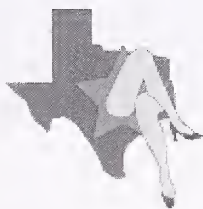
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The Truth About False Eye Lashes

You've mooned over those photos of the models in the fashion magazines. Their eyes are always so perfect, especially their eyelashes (usually false), so perfectly groomed. In reality, false eyelashes are a pain, not only to put them on but keep them on.

How is it done? Read on!

For most moderate wearing conditions you want your lashes to look thicker, not necessarily longer. Elegant and simple yield the best image. Of course, if you're going on stage or doing hyper-glam, then you want long dark lashes.

The best eyelashes are the ones you can't feel once they're on. The bulkier the lash the more bothersome. Cheaper brands aren't usually better but if you wear "falsies" a lot, then cheap ones will do just fine. Throw them away after one or two wearings. Anyway, lashes in the \$3 - \$5 range are fine. Ardell is a good brand to look for.

Next, use the white lash glue that turns clear. Ardell makes a great one. Stay away from the clear liquid glue in the glass container, unless you want your lashes to stay on for days. It's strong stuff, that burns if you get it in your eyes, so be careful. You're looking for the stays-on-one-night glue.

Why not the black glue? One mistake and it's real hard to get off. The white glue that turns clear, turns clear whether you've made a mistake or not. Your mistakes disappear too!

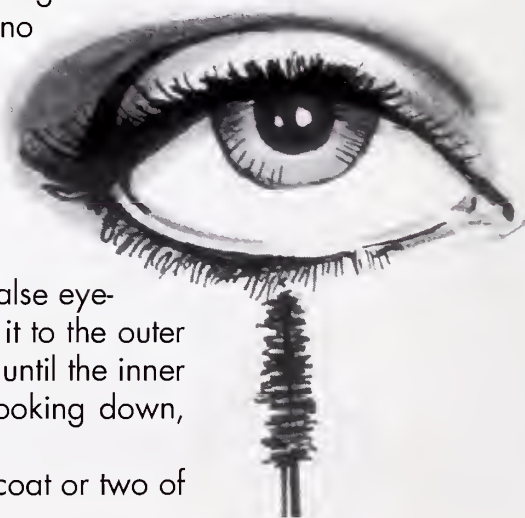
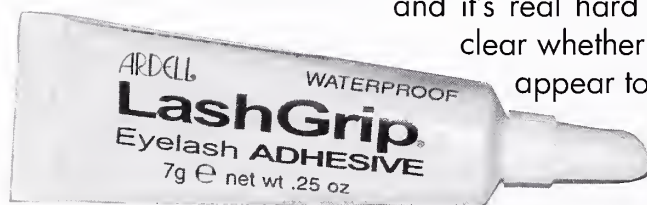
It's best to do all your eye makeup first, including eyeshadow, eyeliner and one coat of mascara. Mascaraed lashes make it much easier to stick the false eyelashes on.

Assuming you are using a strip lash, apply the glue along the strip using an eyeliner brush, or a spatula to run the glue along the seam. The trick is to apply a thin line, and no more.

The biggest problem with false eyelashes is applying way too much glue, thus creating a lot of problems, especially if the first try didn't go on too great. It's usually the glue that causes the problems, not the eyelashes.

Once the glue is thinly applied to the seam of the false eyelashes, then holding the strip on each end, gently lay it to the outer corner of your natural lashes first, slowly laying down until the inner corner of the lashes is applied. Remember to keep looking down, but not to close your eye!

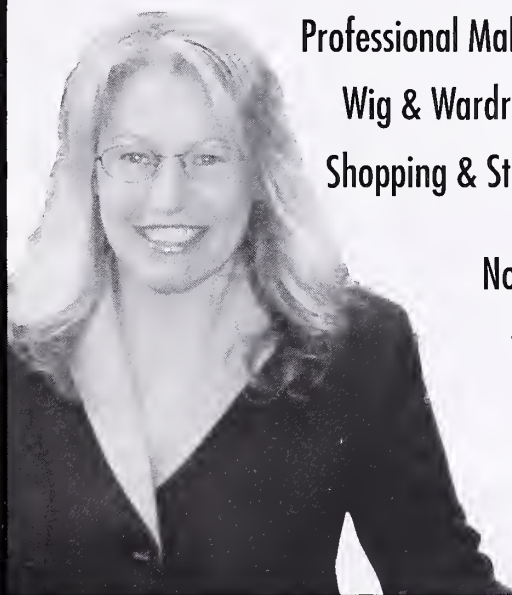
Let dry. Add another eyeliner application, another coat or two of mascara, and viola! A more glamorous, festive you!



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Glamour Bits

by Amanda Richards



Amanda Richards is a professional makeup artist, hair stylist, and a member of the TG community.

Let's talk about hair this issue! Good news! Big hair is back! You're seeing it everywhere in print ads and on the runways.

I attended the International Beauty Show in New York City this April. There were hundreds of exhibitors showing hair and make-up products. Wigs and hair add-ons were especially prominent. I had the opportunity to watch presentations by *Noriko Wigs* and *Hair U Wear* (a.k.a. *Raquel Welch Wigs*). Both featured things you can do to pump up the volume on a wig or your own hair by using hair add-ons.

The Noriko booth had stylists showing what can be done by adding clip on ponytails. They were adding them to wigs to give a more edgy look. A good tip I picked is to turn the ponytail upside down (opposite of the way it wants to fall) when attaching it. This will give you added volume and impact.

The *Hair U Wear* folks had a great show featuring celebrity stylist **Danilo**. He's the guy who gives Gwen Stefani and Shania Twain some of their big sexy hair looks. The presentation featured **Danilo** on stage with several hair models on whom he had worked his magic. Not just hair with one ponytail added—we're talking mega volume using 3 and 4 add on pieces to achieve the look. I especially liked one style called *Glam Rock*, which used 3 add-on ponytails and

a headband made from braided hair. It gave me flashbacks to the mid-80's, and Twisted Sister concerts! You go **Danilo**!

Here's a little trick that I came up with to liven up a tired old wig. Add your own hi-lites to it! Here's how.

If you look at the inside of a wig you can see that it's constructed by sewing together a lot of individual hair wefts. Hair wefts are strips of hair sewn onto a thin fabric base. Individual wefts are normally used by people to add on to their own hair to give it volume and interest. They can be added by sewing them into the hair or gluing them onto the scalp. For this column I'm talking about the less permanent gluing method.

You can purchase hair wefts separately at a beauty supply store. Try *Sally Beauty Supply* or look up beauty supplies in the phone book. They can be purchased in packages, and vary in



Hair Weft



length and color. While you're there, also pick up some hair glue, like *Proclaim Super Bond Hair Glue*, and if you're going to want to remove the wefts later, some hair bond remover. You can also use any oily product like baby oil to remove hair bond glue.

✓ Place the wig you want to enhance on a Styrofoam head and pin it down securely using t-pins (wig pins).

✓ Make a horizontal part around the entire circumference of the head where you want to place the hair weft.

✓ Clip the hair above your part out of the way with a hair clip. Cut a section of hair weft to match the length needed to cover the entire head at the part.

✓ Apply hair glue to the entire length of the weft and, beginning at one end, press the weft down onto the wefts that are already sewn into the wig. The glue will dry fairly quickly so you can proceed at a good pace.

✓ Now make another part above or below the part you just made and repeat the procedure. For a more blended look, be sure to leave some of the original wig hair in between the two parts.

Put as much hair as you want onto the wig. You can hi-lite the whole head, or just add a few accent pieces. You can be subtle or use bright, outrageous colors to create a striking new look. You'll also love the volume and feel of the wig when you're done with it. The wefts can be left in for as long as you want. You can style the wig with them in without difficulty. If after time, if a weft starts to make its way loose, just reapply the glue and press it back down.

When you want to remove the wefts, just apply the hair bond remover or other oily product directly to the glued on base of the weft. Afterwards, wash and restyle your wig. The point here is to have fun with your hair. Be expressive, and let your true self come out.

That's all for this issue. Until next time, stay gorgeous! *



North American Support Groups

National US Membership Organizations

International Foundation for Gender Education, PO Box 540229, Waltham, MA 02454. Publishes Transgender Tapestry (\$40/year subscription). Reprints and books on TV/TS subjects, other info. Hosts annual conference in different locations around the country. Phone: 617-899-2212, [www.ifge.org]

Renaissance Transgender Association, Inc., 987 Old Eagle School Rd., Suite 719, Wayne, Pa. 19087. 610-975-9119 24 hr. answering machine. Membership fee of \$48 includes the monthly publication "Transgender Community News." Also publishes Background Papers and Community Outreach Bulletins on transgender issues for personal and professional use. Speakers available for classroom, corporate, or media discussions of transgender issues. Renaissance is a 501(c)(3) non-profit membership organization. [www.ren.org]

Society for the Second Self (SSS), Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275. Focused on families and relationships. Tri-Ess publishes the Femme Mirror quarterly and hosts an annual convention. Tri-Ess chapters are marked with "#" in the list below. Tri-Ess is a non-profit membership organization. [jeftris@aol.com]

Alaska

Alaska T People, PO Box 670349, Chugiak, AK, 99567

Arizona

A Rose, PO Box 8108, Glendale, AZ, 85312-8108, 602-488-0959

Transgendered Harmony, PO Box 83927, Phoenix, AZ, 85701, 602-954-7553, www.geocities.com/tgharmony

Alpha-Zeta#, PO Box 28363, Tempe, AZ, 85285-8363, 602-488-0959,

Evolvere Transgendered Foundation, 1830 E. Broadway Blvd. #124-269, Tucson, AZ, 85719, (520) 884-0541

Southern Arizona Gender Alliance, 300 E Sixth St, Tucson, AZ, 85705

California

U.S. G.I.R.L.S. Club, P.O. Box 3182, Cerritos, CA, 90703-3182

Diablo Valley Girls, PO Box 272885, Concord, CA, 94527-2885
www.transgender.org/tg/dvg/

American Transsexual Education Center, 1626 n. Wilcox Ave. #584, Hollywood, CA, 90028, 213-389-6938

Gender Expressions, PO Box 816, Lakewood, CA, 90714, 310-869-4241

CHIC, PO Box 17850, Long Beach, CA, 90807

Access Point, PO Box 7180, Los Osos, CA, 93402, 800-549-1749

CD Social Group, PO Box 224, Montrose, CA, 91021

LKO (Ladies Knight Out), 3320 Chapman Ave., Orange, CA, 92869, (714) 289-0144

PSGV Transgendered Support, 401 South Main St., Suite 104, Pomona, CA, 91765, 909-620-8987

Alpha Chapter, 409 N. Pacific Coast Hwy. #320, Redondo Beach, CA, 90277, 310-798-5637

Born Free, PO Box 52829, Riverside, CA, 92517, 909-875-2687,
www.BornFree2000.com

Sacramento Gender Assoc., PO Box 162907, Sacramento, CA, 95816-2907, 916-364-7212

Neutral Corner, PO Box 19008, San Diego, CA, 92159, 619-685-3696

Center for GLBT Community, 3909 Centre Street, San Diego, CA, 92103, 619-692-2077

TGSF, PO Box 426486, San Francisco, CA, 94142-6486, 415-564-3246

Rainbow Gender Association, PO Box 700730, San Jose, CA, 95170-0730, 408-984-4044

Silicon Valley Gender Association, 175 Stockton, San Jose, CA, www.svga.org

Tranzcentral Coast, P.O. Box 14146, San Luis Obispo, CA, 93406, 805-543-2126, tranzcentralcoast.org

Sigma Sigma Beta, Tri-Ess, PO Box 19933, So. Lake Tahoe, CA, 96151

TG Alliance of Coachella Valley, PO Box 391, Thousand Palms, CA, 92276, 760-323-9663, humlog.homestead.com/tgcoachellavalley

Tri Chi Tri-Ess, PO Box 194, Tulare, CA, 93275, 209-688-9246

Ventura Transgender Outreach, c/o GLCC, 3503 Arundell Circle, Suite 3-A, Ventura, CA, 93003, 805-339-6340

Colorado

Phoneix Project, 1740 South Buckley Road, #6-178, Aurora, CO, 80017

Gender Identity Center of Colorado, Inc., 1455 Ammons St., Suite 100, Lakewood, CO, 80215-4993, 303-202-6466, www.transgender.org/tg/gic
Pueblo TV/TS Support Group, 1144 Clarmont, Pueblo, CO, 81004-2808

Connecticut

connecticuTView!, PO Box 2281, Devon, CT, 06460, www.transgender.org

Connecticut Outreach Society, PO Box 163, Farmington, CT, 06034, (860) 604-6343, www.ctoutreach.org
GBSING, c/o PO Box 162, Haddam, CT, 06438

Twenty (XX) Club Inc., PO Box 387, Hartford, CT, 06141-0387, 203-646-8651

District of Columbia

Washington-Baltimore Alliance, PO

Box 50724, Washington, DC, 20091-0724, 800-738-0389

Delaware

Renaissance, Delaware Chapter, PO Box 5656, Wilmington, DE, 19808, 302-376-1990, www.ren.org

Florida

Starburst, PO Box 6822, Clearwater, FL, 33756-6822, 727-523-8760

Trans Alliance of Gainesville, PO Box 143102, Gainesville, FL, 32614-3102

Mu Beta Gamma Tri-Ess, PO Box 4126, Hialeah, FL, 33014, 305-653-8088

North Florida Transgender Group (NFTG), 768 Day Ave, Jacksonville, FL, 32205, 904-384-8965

Animas, PO Box 420309, Miami, FL, 33242

Evolve, 946 N Mills Ave, Orlando, FL, 32803, 407-228-8272

Emerald Coast/PANTRA, 8084 N. Davis Hwy E3, Pensacola, FL, 32514

Tampa Bay Gender Alliance, 3708 Swann Ave, Tampa, FL, 33629, 813-985-3371

Gender Society of the Palm Beaches, c/o Compass, 7600 s. Dixie Highway, W. Palm Beach, FL, 33405

Phi Epsilon Mu, Tri-Ess, PO Box 3261, Winter Park, FL, 32790-3261, (407) 263-8978

Georgia

AGE, PO Box 160003, Atlanta, GA, 30316, 770-439-9769, www.gender-atlanta.org/

Sigma Epsilon, Tri-Ess, PO Box 272, Rosewell, GA, 30077-0272

Hawaii

Hawaii Transgendered Outreach, PO Box 8233, Honolulu, HI, 96830, 808-923-4270, www.newbies.net/htgo/

Iowa

Central Illinois Gender Assoc., PO Box 1925, Clinton, IA, 52733, 319-242-4405

QCAD Group, PO Box 1534, Davenport, IA, 52809, 319-323-5492

Idaho

Tri-States Transgender Group, PO Box 6691, Boise, ID, 83707, 208-368-8669

Illinois

Central Illinois Gender Assoc (CIGA), P.O. Box 3082, Champaign, IL, 60826-3082

Chicago Gender Society, PO Box 578005, Chicago, IL, 60657, 708-749-1202, www.chicagogender.com

Chi, Tri-Ess, PO Box 40, Wood Dale, IL, 60191-0040, 708-383-1677

Indiana

IXE, PO Box 20710, Indianapolis, IN, 46250, 317-971-6976

Transgender Outreach of N. Indiana, Ltd., PO Box 2372, Portage, IN, 46368, 219-650-2142

Kansas

KCCAF (Kansas City Crossdressers & Friends), PO Box 4092, Overland Park, KS, 66204, 913-791-3847

Kentucky

BGB Transgender Support, PO Box 20173, Louisville, KY, 40250, 502-346-5298, www.transgender.org

Louisiana

Gulf Gender Alliance, PO Box 56836, New Orleans, LA, 70156-6836, (504) 943-1999, www.gga.org

Massachusetts

Sunshine Club, PO Box 564, Hadley, MA, 01035-0564, 413-586-5004, www.umass.edu/stonewall/sunshine/

Innvestments, PO Box 2194, Orleans, MA, 02653-3160, 508-563-3160

Tiffany Club of New England, Inc., PO Box 71, Waltham, MA, 02454-0071, 781-891-9325, www.tcne.org

COMPASS, PO Box 229, Waltham, MA, 02454-0229, 781-899-2212

TG Support Group, 36 Alpine Rd, Wayland, MA, 01778, 508-358-3512

Maryland

The Bridge Club, PO Box 11737, Baltimore, MD, 21206-0337, na

TG Support Baltimore, GLCC of Baltimore, 241 W. Chase St., Baltimore, MD, 21201, 410-837-5445 or 410-837-8888

Chi Epsilon Sigma, PO Box 505, Brooklandville, MD, 21022-0505

Washington-Baltimore Alliance, PO Box 1994, Silver Spring, MD, 20915, 301-649-3960

Maine

Maine Gender Resource & Support, c/o Jean Churchill, PO Box 1894, Bangor, ME, 04402-1894

Transsupport, PO Box 17622, Portland, ME, 04101

Michigan

After Six, PO Box 126, Comstock Park, MI, 49321

IME of Western Michigan, PO Box 1153, Grand Rapids, MI, 49501

Lambda Mu, Tri-Ess, PO Box 246, Moline, MI, 49335-0246, www.lambdamu.com

TransGender Michigan 517-347-3681, www.TransGenderMichiGan.org

Crossroads, PO Box 1245, Royal Oak, MI, 48068-1245, 313-537-3267

Friends North, Inc., PO Box 562, Traverse City, MI, 49685-0562, (616) 946-1804

Minnesota

Gender Education Center, PO Box 1861, Maple Grove, MN, 55311, 612-424-5445

City of Lakes Crossgender Community, PO Box 14844, Minneapolis, MN, 55414, 651-229-3613

Beta Gamma, Tri-Ess, PO Box 8591, Minneapolis, MN, 55408, 1-877-4triess, www.tri-ess.com

TransThursday, c/o District 202, 1601 Nicolett Ave South, Minneapolis, MN, 55403, 612-871-5559

Tau Epsilon Mu, PO Box 40126, St. Paul, MN, 55104, 1-877-487-4377, www.geocities.com/triessmn/

Missouri

TransSisters, 4004 Troost Ave., Kansas City, MO, 64110, 816-753-7816

St. Louis Gender Fd'n, PO Box 9433, St. Louis, MO, 63117, 314-367-4128

Mississippi

Southern Belle Society, PO Box 3112, Gulfport, MS, 39505, members.xoom.com/RachelMc/

Montana

Western Montana GLBT Community Center, 615 Oak ST, Missoula, MT, 59801, gaymontana.com/wmgllcc

North Carolina

Phoenix Transgender Support, PO Box 18332, Asheville, NC, 28814, 828-669-3889

Kappa Beta, Tri-Ess, PO Box 12101, Charlotte, NC, 28220-2101, 704-565-5034., www.kappabeta.org

Carolina Transensual Alliance (CTA), 112 Edwardia, Greensboro, NC, 27409

Triad Gender Association, PO Box 2264, Jamestown, NC, 27282-2264, (336)454-1493

Sigma Rho Delta Tri-Ess, PO Box 90141, Raleigh, NC, 27675-0141, www.geocities.com/SigmaRhoDelta/ NC TG Unity, 3806 Cornerstone Circle, Rocky Mount NC 27804, www.geocities.com/nctgunity/

Nebraska

River City Gender Alliance, PO Box 8076, Omaha, NE, 68108, www.genderalliance.com

New Hampshire

Tri-Ess New England, PO Box 7681, Nashau, NH, 03060-7681

New Jersey

Chi Delta Mu, PO Box 1, River Edge, NJ, 07661-0001, 800-484-7593 (code 4985)

Epsilon Mu Gamma, PO Box 4, Three Bridges, NJ, 08887, 717-364-2949, www.transgender.org/emg/

Sigma Nu Rho, Tri-Ess, PO Box 9255, Trenton, NJ, 08650, (609) 392-1132

New Jersey Support, PO Box 9378, Trenton, NJ, 08650, 609-918-0603

New Mexico

Transgender Community Group, Meets at the University of New Mexi-

co, Albuquerque, NM, 505-265-7655

Nevada

Transgender Support and Advocacy, and TS Support, 1120 Almond Tree Lane, Suite 207, Las Vegas, NV, 89108, (702) 392-2132

Equinox, 8175 S Virginia, Suite 850-256, Reno, NV, 89511-8981, www.eq1.com/

New York

TGIC, PO Box 13604, Albany, NY, 12212-3604, 518-436-4513

Buffalo Belles, PO Box 1701, Amherst, NY, 14226, (716) 879-0973

Shades of Lavender, 502 Bergen St, Brooklyn, NY, 11217, 718-622-2910 ext-104

CrossDressers International, 404 W 40th St #2, New York, NY, 10018, 212-570-7389

Metropolitan Gender Network, 561 Hudson St., Box 45, New York, NY, 10014, 201-794-1665, ext. 332

Gender Identity Project at the Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center, One Little West 12th Street, New York, NY, 10014, 212-620-7310, www.gay-center.org

Rochester Transgender organization, C/O Gay Alliance of the Genesee Valley; 179 Atlantic Avenue, Rochester, NY, 14607, 716-442-2425

Expressing Our Nature, Inc., c/o Pride Community Center, PO Box 6608, 745 N Salina St., Syracuse, NY, 13217-6608, 315-476-1658

LIFE, PO Box 1311, Watermill, NY, 11976-1311

MeNTA, c/o The Loft 180 E Post Rd LL, White Plains, NY, 10601, 914-948-2987

Ohio

Crossport, PO Box 1692, Cincinnati, OH, 45204, 513-919-4850, www.transgender.org

Paradise Club, PO Box 29564, Cleveland, OH, 44129, 216-586-9292, www.tgimall.com/tg/para

Crystal Club, PO Box 287, Reynoldsburg, OH, 43068-0287, 614-844-5371, www.tgender.net/cc

Alpha Omega, PO Box 2053, Sheffield Lake, OH, 44054-0053, 216-556-0067

Oklahoma

Gender Outreach of Oklahoma, P.O. Box 2687, Tulsa, OK, 74101, 918-743-4297

Oregon

Rho Gamma, PO Box 5551, Grants Pass, OR, 97527

Intermountain Transgender Outreach, 1524 Monroe Ave., La Grande, OR, 97850, 541-962-3466

Northwest Gender Alliance, PO Box

4928, Portland, OR, 97208, 503-646-2802, www.nwgapdx.org

Pennsylvania

Renaissance - Lehigh Valley, PO Box 3624, Allentown, PA, 18106, 610-821-2955, www.ren.org

Erie Sisters, 1903 West 8th St #261, Erie, PA, 16505

Renaissance, Lower Susquehanna Valley, PO Box 2122, Harrisburg, PA, 17105-2122, 717-780-1578

Transpitt, PO Box 3214, Pittsburgh, PA, 15230, 412-422-1558

TSG (Transsexual Support Group), 6020 Penn Circle South, Pittsburgh, PA, 15206, 412-661-7030

Renaissance, Greater Philadelphia, 987 Old Eagle School Road, Suite 719, Wayne, PA, 19087, 610-975-9119, www.ren.org

Tennessee

Swans, PO Box 12701, Knoxville, TN, 37912-2701, www.transgender.org

Mirror Image, PO Box 11052, Memphis, TN, 38111-1052

Tennessee Vals, PO Box 92335, Nashville, TN, 37209, 615-664-6883, www.transgender.org

Texas

West Texas Gender Alliance, c/o Tami Maloney, 5350 Llano St., Abilene, TX, 79605

Central Texas Transgender Society, PO Box 300487, Austin, TX, 78705, 512-452-1145, www.cttgs.org

Texas Assoc. for Transsexual Support (T.A.T.S.), PO Box 142, Bellaire, TX, 77401, 281-437-2975

Alpha Tau, PO Box 1398, Georgetown, TX, 78627

Gulf Coast Transgender Community, PO Box 66643, Houston, TX, 77266, 713-780-GCTC (4282)

Tau Chi and Spouses & Partners International Conference for Education (SPICE), 8880 Bellaire B2 #104, Houston, TX, 77036, 713-347-8747

Metroplex CD Club, PO Box 141924, Irving, TX, 75014-1924, 972-264-7103, www.flash.net/~domega

Austin Second Image, PO Box 679, Leander, TX, 78641, 512-515-5460

Epsilon Tau, Tri-Ess, PO Box 945, New Waverly, TX, 77358, 409-344-6014

Nu Epsilon Tau, PO Box 14096, Pantego, TX, 76094, 214-490-5738

Utah

An Engendered Species, PO box 11897, Salt Lake City, UT, 84147, 801-364-0136

Western Transsexuals Support Network, 4667 Holladay Blvd, #2, Salt Lake City, UT, 84117, 801-277-8025

Virginia

Transgender Education Association, PO Box 16036, Arlington, VA, 22215, 301-949-3822, www.tgea.net

Washington

Bellingham Gender Group, PO Box 2004, Bellingham, WA, 98227, 360-445-3461

Washington Gender Alliance, PO Box 2261, Bellingham, WA, 98227

Emerald City, PO Box 31318, Seattle, WA, 98103, 425-827-9494

Ingersoll Gender Center, 1812 E. Madison, Suite 106, Seattle, WA, 98122-2843, 206-329-6651

Wisconsin

Gemini Gender Group, P.O.Box 44211, Milwaukee, WI, 53214, 414-297-9328

West Virginia

The Valley Girls, P.O.Box 181, Dunbar, WV, 25064-0181, www.pridewv.com/tvg

Trans-West Virginia, PO Box 2322, Huntington, WV, 25724

CANADA

Alberta

Illusions Social Club, PO Box 2000, Calgary T2C-1B4, 403-486-9661,

Phi Sigma, Tri-Ess, Box 81115, 755 Lake Bonavista Dr. S.E. T2C-1B4

British Columbia

Kootenays Support Group, Box 270, Rossland, V0G 1Y0, 250-362-5701,

Combury Society, PO Box 3745, Vancouver, V6B-3Z1, N/A,

Zenith Foundation, Box 46, 8415 Granville St., Vancouver, V6P 4Z9

Transcend Transgender Support & Education Society, PO Box 8673, Victoria, V8X 3S2, (250) 413-3220

Manitoba

Masquerade, c/o 832 Corydon Ave., Winnipeg, R3M 0Y2

Ontario

Ottawa TS Discussion Group, PO Box 42067, RPO St Laurent, Ottawa K1K 4L8

Gender Metaphor, PO Box 27097, Ottawa, K1J 9L9

Chrysalis, 349A George St. N, Suite 206, Peterborough, K9H 3P9

Xpressions, PO Box 223, Station A, Toronto, M5W 1B2, 416-410-6949, www.Xpressions.org

S.O.S. Club, 519 Church St, Toronto, M4Y 2C9, (416)-392-6874, webhome.idirect.com/~players

Gender Mosaic, PO Box 7421, Vanier, K1L-8E4, (819) 770-1945, www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/9630/

Quebec

Action Santé: Travesti(e)s et Transsexuel(le)s du Québec, 1626 Rue St-Hubert, Montreal, (514) 847-0067, Club MET, 4113 Dorion St., Montreal, H2K-3B8



Preserving community history is an act of love. It respects those who've gone before as it informs present and future generations. Governments create institutions as august as the Library of Congress or as modest as the county museum to preserve everything from the original copy of the Declaration of Independence to great-great-aunt Rhode's butter churn. There are museums for communities of every stripe. Sailors, cowboys, circuses, baseball, country music, rock 'n' roll and opera—all have museums and halls of fame. Each preserves the lives and times of its unique group. But so far no institution in America is dedicated to exhibiting the history of the queer community, that diverse rainbow of gays, lesbians, bisexuals and the dozen hues combined in the term transgender.

Perhaps the desire to preserve history represents the maturing of a community? When a group is first establishing itself on society's landscape, survival and validation are the greatest challenges. But once a claim is staked and some form of recognition secured, the desire to record the effort emerges. And that desire seeks to preserve more than the recent "struggles." It also seeks to honor the unsung and unknown progenitors. The GLBT community, whose liberation began in the era of Stonewall, has over 30 years under its belt and on June 5, 2003, the first International Museum GLBT History in America was opened in San Francisco.

The International Museum of GLBT History is a project of the GLBT Historical Society (GLBTHS). GLBTHS was founded in 1985. Their web site (www.glbthistory.org) declares, "The mission of the GLBT Historical Society is to collect, preserve, exhibit, and otherwise make available to the public historical, cultural, and artistic materials related to gay, lesbian, bisexu-

al, transgender communities, identities, and practices, as well as of other sexual minorities. Our goal is to build the world's first full-scale, professional quality museum devoted to GLBT history and culture."

Many in the transgender community are suspicious of GLBT organizations. In the pioneering spirit of 19th century homesteaders they want to see the transgender community do everything by itself, ignoring our limited size and discounting the waste of duplicating organizations and services. There's also the fear of being overwhelmed by the G's, L's and B's. But as Harvard professor Marjorie Garber points out in her book on cross-dressing, *Vested Interests* transgender and gay identities are, in many instances, the same topic. It is probably impossible to separate those four letters, GLBT, from each other in the mind of the general public. And the overlap between these groups is so great, that such a division would enrage as many community members as it would satisfy. When anyone asks us to describe ourselves with the one best classification G, L, B or T? We can only reply "all of the above."

Ten years ago Dr. Susan Stryker, the executive director of GLBTHS, writing in the GLBTHS newsletter said that, "The recovery and preservation of transgender history has become an important focus of work at the GLBTHS" and emphasized the organization's commitment "to provide resources for scholars involved in transgender studies." ("OurStories," Volume 8, #2, Summer, 1993)

Dr. Susan Stryker is a noted transsexual scholar and one of the founders of Transgender Nation. She wrote the Introduction to the recent edition of *Christine Jorgensen's A Personal Autobiography* (Cleis Press, 2000). She is co-editing a book of essays with Stephen Whittle,

coordinator of the UK FTM Network. We asked her why she was working with a GLBT organization, rather than a T-only group?

"I got involved back in 1991 with what was then known as the Gay and Lesbian Historical Society of Northern California for several different reasons. First, I identify as a lesbian as strongly as I identify as a transgendered person, so I felt entitled to be there regardless of whether the word "transgender" was included in the title of the organization. Second, I was really inspired by the concept of "queer," which was very current then. People were using the word queer to talk about a new kind of community, one based not on identity, but rather on one's political opposition to the ways that society could oppress you based on sexuality and gender. I always considered transgender liberation to be part of the broader queer agenda. I was doing other activist work at the time to put transgender issues on the table with gay and lesbian groups, so bringing that sensibility to bear on the Historical Society just seemed like a natural. It took me eight years, but I did finally get bisexual and transgender added to the title of the organization. That said, the organization never felt transphobic to me. Lou Sullivan, a pioneering FTM activist, had been one of the founding members of the Historical Society. He died about the time I was getting involved. Jeff Dickemann, another FTM, and you, Ms. Bob, have also been members of the board of directors. And when it came time to hire the first executive director of the project, the organization hired me. Transgender people have always been a vital part of GLBT Historical Society."

After understanding why she felt comfortable at GLBTHS, we pressed the issue, asking Susan if there were other trans-centric organizations with missions similar to GLBTHS's?

"Until quite recently, the transgender community has not had an archival project of any real scope, certainly not anything on the scale of the GLBTHS. Dallas Denny ran the National Transgender Archives and Library out of her own home and office, but it was really a one-woman show, that ultimately outgrew her ability to sustain it, and she gave the collection to the University of Michigan. Just in the past few years has the Rikki Swinn



This copy of Julian Eltinge Magazine from 1904 is in the collection of GLBTHS.

Eltinge was the pinnacle of female impersonation at the turn of the 20th century. The magazine is 64 pages long with 29 full page photos of Eltinge, mostly in drag, but some in drab.

Institute started making a serious attempt to assemble a primarily transgender-related archival collection. Our transgender holdings are really quite substantial, due in large part to the active involvement of transgender people right from the beginning of the organization. So back in 1991 when I was finishing my Ph.D. in History at U.C. Berkeley, and transitioning m to f, there were really no other places for me to do work as an historian interested in gender and sexuality research. Universities really weren't ready to hire an openly transgendered scholar doing work on transsexuality at that point in time. In a lot of ways, the GLBT Historical Society was the only game in town for me, if I wanted to pursue my profession."

You understand Susan's point about the size of the GLBTHS collections as soon as you enter the archive, one of the world's largest collections of queer historical materials. It's a tennis court filled with shelves and stacks. Archives aren't libraries. Their emphasis isn't always books. Their holdings are more inclusive. The GLBTHS archive houses unique manuscripts, oral history transcriptions, periodicals, photographs, fine art, graphic art, textiles, artifacts, memorabilia and

ephemera. So while they do have over a dozen pre-1900 books of transgender interest, they also have paintings by drag icon Doris Fish, the one time Greeting Card Queen of America, the star, co-producer and artistic designer of the film *Vegas in Space*. There's a beaded flapper dress from the 1920's. It belonged to Joseph Kappes and comes complete with his slippers and accessories. Joseph was petite. He wasn't famous. He was a gay commercial artist who lived in San Francisco. He made a photo album out of a dream of an art deco wallpaper sample book and filled it with hundred of snapshots documenting his life. It's part of the collection, too. The wallpaper itself is wonderful, but the sociology of a lifetime and the psychology of the original owner are in the photos. And what fun they had at those costume parties! The crossdressing reeks of flappers, flaming youth and bathtub gin.

The periodical collection is a veritable wall of acid-free cardboard boxes. There are about 2,600 different titles of queer magazines, 'zines, newspapers, newsletters and journals; everything from the scholarly to the scandalous. There's female impersonator Julian Eltinge's Mag-

azine from 1904 and *Venus Castina*, a punk/drag 'zine from the 1980's. TG periodicals got a recent boost from Dr. Ari Kane. Ari is founder of the Outreach Institute and Fantasia Fair, the grandmother of all crossdressing get-aways. His recently acquired papers and correspondence also included over 70 issues of Virginia Prince's seminal magazine *Transvestia*. There were also scrap-



Some of the transgender attendees at ICON 2002, the GLBTHS Evening of Arts. (l. to r.) Columnist Dear Diva, cabaret artist Veronica Klause, Veronika Cauley member San Francisco Veterans Affairs Commission, the evening's femcee Connie Champagne (a drag queen trapped in a woman's body), Susan Stryker GLBTHS Executive Director, Ms. Bob GLBTHS board member, Empress Donna Sachet and Empress Chablis of the San Francisco Imperial Court. - photo by Kent Taylor

books, books and other original materials in Dr. Kane's collection.

The digital jewel of GLBTHS is CatalogQ, an online database of periodicals searchable by title, organization or publisher and subject. The magazine themselves aren't in the database, but their titles and locations in California are. This is a valuable and time saving tool for researchers, an online clearing-house of queer periodicals at major research facilities. By the end of June, 98% of GLBTHS's periodical collection will be available to anyone with internet access. A full 100% is impossible because too many things keep coming in the door. The holdings of the ONE Institute and Archives in Los Angeles are also on CatalogQ. The San Francisco Public Library and the Lavender Library and Archive in Sacramento will be added by the end of June. This phase of the on-going project concludes by adding Stanford University and all the transgender titles from California State University at Northridge by the end of the year. This project is being funded by a Library Services and Technology Act grant administered by the California State Library. GLBTHS was the first queer library or archive to receive support from the State of California.

Providing a destination for researchers is as important to GLBTHS as being a destination for tourists and the community. Susan described this commitment in OurStories in 1993

"We also seek to provide resources for scholars involved in transgender studies, a cutting-edge interdisciplinary specialty within the relatively new field of queer studies, which is itself situated at the intersection of gender studies, women's studies, lesbian/gay studies, cultural theory, and the history of sexuality and the body. Because the (San Francisco) Bay Area has supported an active transgender community for nearly two decades, and because transgendered people have a long history of involvement in the GLBTHS, we are in an ideal situation to satisfy the academic community's growing demand for transgender source material."

GLBTHS's other transgender materials represent every hue in the gender rainbow. There's the collection of Ginny Knuth and NancyAnn Martine, her 6' 5" heterosexual transvestite husband. Ginny was a willing ear and sturdy shoulder-to-lean-on for many a crossdresser's wife.

When an acquaintance's wife wanted someone to talk to, Ginny told Ms Bob, "Have her call me anytime. I'll always talk to a wife." Among the papers GLBTHS has Ginny's Trinity Award from IFGE and an award from Empress Donna Sachet and Emperor Brian Benemati in recognition of the bridge-building she did between ETVC (now called Transgender San Francisco) and the Imperial Court of San Francisco.

Collecting things for an archive wasn't on Ari or Ginny's minds. In Ginny's case it wasn't until after her death that the people around her realized that they didn't want to see her and her work forgotten. Now a few boxes are preserved at GLBTHS as part of the transgender community's memory. This isn't the case with avid transgendered collector Francine Logandice. She was born in 1928 and had been a merchant sailor before starting to live as a woman in 1969. She owned a string of successful San Francisco drag bars like 222 Club, the Black Rose and Elaine's. She was also the owner of Cafe San Marcos, the last lesbian bar in the Castro. Francine was a prolific collector of transgender-related materials. When her donated collection arrived at GLBTHS it filled over 20 boxes and contained hundreds of rare books, runs of transgender community periodicals, correspondence files and some ephemera. You know, ephemera? Those bar flyers and show announcement that are never meant to last longer than a night on the town or the run of the show? There are hundreds of thousands, close to a million, items at GLBTHS. Things like posters, leaflets, catalogs, programs, t-shirts and buttons.

One prominent collection is from Lou Sullivan, a member of GLBTHS's founding board. Lou also founded FTM International, probably the world's most significant FTM support organization. The Lou Sullivan collection contains the manuscripts of all his published writings, including his books *Information for the Female to Male Cross Dresser* and *Transsexual* and *From Female to Male: The Life of Jack Bee Garland*. There are also Lou's extensive research and clippings files on transsexuality and transvestism. Susan



DQ_04: Susan Stryker (l) Executive Director of the GLBTHS with performance artist Holly Huges. Holly was honored at ICON 2002 for her contribution of GLBT theatre. - photo by Kent Taylor

feels that, "Perhaps the most compelling records Lou left behind, however, are his personal letters and diaries, which he began keeping as an 11-year-old girl, and which document the unfolding of the gay male self he always felt his body "harbored." Serious thoughts for an 11 year old.

What else is there? GLBTHS has the archives of Empress Jose I, The Widow Norton founder of the Imperial Court system. It includes her papers, proclamations and a wetdream of a black-and-white dress with huge matching hat, a duplicate of Katherine Hepburn's outfit from the "Ascot Gavotte" scene of the film *My Fair Lady*. In the area of politics there's over a box of papers about the arrest of Victoria Schneider and her subsequent strip search by SFPD officers. She was pulled over because she looked like a transsexual sex worker. These documents are from her case against the SFPD and her court awarded \$750,000 settlement for the SFPD's illegal behavior. At least such violations of rights are illegal in some protected parts of the country.

Do you want to see a bygone generation of female impersonators? There are hundreds of photos from Al Burgess, owner of the Beige Room, a drag club that was Finocchio's greatest rival in the late 1940's and 1950's. There's Jackie Phillips' unpublished autobiography, *Oh, What a Drag*, plus 17 hours of interviews

on which the manuscript was based. Jackie was a long time Finocchio's performer. From Finocchio's itself there's tables, chairs, programs, original musical arrangements plus foot-long hatpins and pheasant feathers collected from the dressing room floor after the club closed. There're even sections of the black-and-white tiled stage and the two-story tall sign from the roof. The GLBTHS's collection of crossdressing disco diva Sylvester's costumes are currently on loan to a traveling exhibit organized by the Experience Music Project, Seattle's high tech rock and roll museum.

The first exhibit in the new history gallery is Saint Harvey: The Life and Afterlife of a Modern Gay Martyr. It runs from June 6, 2003 - April, 2004. November, 2003 will mark 25 years since the assassination of Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk, America's first "out" gay elected official. When he was elected in 1977 no one would have imagined that less than one-year later Harvey Milk's assassination would transform him into a modern-day martyr for the gay liberation movement. Within a few short years he has become the subject of books and films and even an opera. His personal possessions were

treated like the relics of a saint, lovingly preserved and occasionally displayed by a band of friends until they finally came to rest in the archives of GLBTHS. The opening of the museum is a big step for GLBTHS in fulfilling its long term goal of a permanent GLBT History Museum.

When we asked Susan about the organization's future she said, "I'm really pleased with the direction the organization is heading. Ten years ago we were an energetic, all-volunteer grass-roots organization with a zeal for queer history that ran on a budget of about \$10,000 a year. Now we have nine full-time and part-time paid staff members, and run on about \$450,000 a year. We recently merged with a group that wants to build a GLBT museum, so we are envisioning even greater changes in the future. Rather than presenting ourselves as an archives that does some exhibits and other public programs, we want to become a museum that houses a first-rate GLBT historical research center. That's a very long-term project, ten years or more, and we've been pursuing that vision in a really active way for just a couple of years."

There's a new place to visit in San Francisco. It's a new entry in the guide-books for queer tourists. The International

Museum of GLBT History. You can find it on Mission Street in San Francisco, across from the California Historical Society Museum, around the corner from San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and in the same building as the Cartoon Art Museum. If you want to explore or preserve the history of our t-community, put it on your map.

The International Museum of GLBT History and the GLBT Historical Society are located at 657 Mission St. #300, San Francisco, CA 94105. phone 415.777.5455, email, <info@glbthistory.org>, web, www.glbthistory.org.

Ms BOB is a collector of gender-related books, magazines, recordings and ephemera. She is the board secretary of the GLBT Historical Society that operates the International GLBT History Museum. Ms Bob can be contacted c/o Lady Like or at <msbob@tgforum.com>.

CAROL KLEINMAIER is a founding member of Transgendered Nation. For almost two decades she has been an activist for both gender and AIDS issues.



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J.B., TX



On My Mind

Back in LadyLike #52 I wrote about an apparent lack of leadership in the TG community and the selfishness of some members.

Well, Marisa Richmond didn't like my comments. For the leadership example, I cited the collapse of the TG March on Washington due to a lack of competent leadership. Marisa wrote in her column "Casa Marisa" in the May 2003 Transgender Community News that: "... having been in the room when the idea first surfaced and at subsequent meetings... I can say that it appears we got the wrong leaders for such an effort. But that does not mean they are not leading in some other way."

Hello? Now I'm wondering if Ms. Richmond is running for some political office. Unless I no longer understand plain English, she says they were the wrong people for the job. If so, then they weren't very good leaders. QED.

My second point in that editorial was about the lack of charitable contributions compared to the amount of money some people spend attending events. I ranted about "self-absorbed, selfish egomaniacs." Here's what Ms. Richmond had to say about that remark: "I know of people who actually **have to pay** for a second apartment because of their **fear** of telling their partners." [emphasis mine] Well, if that doesn't prove my point I don't know what does! Isn't that money part of the household money? Couldn't that money be spent on any host of other things that would benefit the whole family? Nor did I characterize everyone in the TG community as selfish egomaniacs as Ms. Richmond leads you to believe in her article.

Marisa goes on to say that in her personal experience she has, "...encountered leaders who have refused to be anywhere near certain other leaders." I think Marisa has proved my point again about the lack of good leadership in the community. One could say that Adolph Hitler was a leader. He led an entire country into invading Europe and Russia. Was that good leadership? I don't think anyone would say it was. And that's the point Marisa seems to miss. Sure there are plenty of people out there who jump up and

volunteer to lead a (pick one): project, event, conference, seminar, or a March on Washington. Volunteering to lead a project does not automatically demonstrate good leadership. Being responsible, meeting schedules and deadlines, respecting differing opinions, making compromises, and, above all, holding yourself to the highest possible standard of integrity is (IMHO) what good leadership is all about. Getting positive results for your actions in support of others, now that is good leadership.

I have a lot of respect for Marisa Richmond. I picked her to take my place as the chair of the board of the American Educational Gender Information Service (AEGIS) way back when because I thought she had the necessary leadership qualities. I still do, but I can't accept her arguments in this instance. I stand by my original remarks.

But, I realize there is a new type of TG community leader in our midst, the political activist. No, I don't mean the ACTUP, in-your-face type but the ones who are really making political headway at the local and state levels. I have two I'd like to mention. My two candidates for 21st Century TG leadership are—Kathy Padilla and Mara Keisling, both from Pennsylvania. If you send me the names of your local heroines, I'll try to get them a bit of recognition in these pages. I know they're out there but I want you to recognize the work they do in your own backyard.

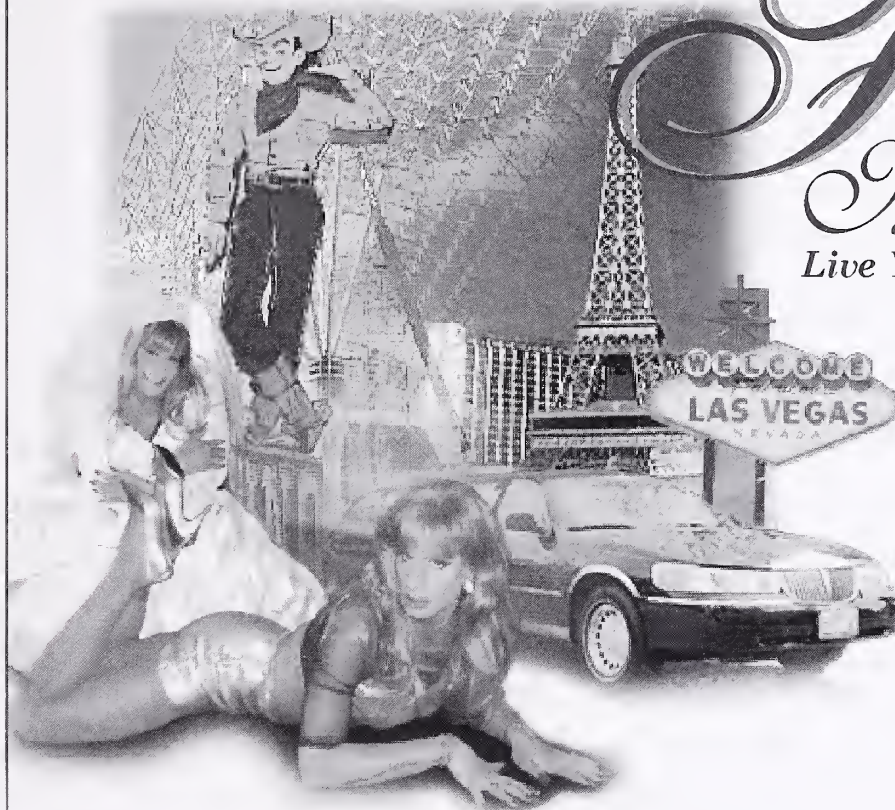
And now for something completely different...

So, what do you think of the makeover and the new features? We're looking for T-girls who know what's going on in the nightclub scene in their town for our Nightmoves column. If you're a girl who knows where the best parties are, write or email Angela [angela@cdspub.com]. We even pay for publication. Have something you'd like to see us cover? Tell us about it. Read a good T-related book? Send us a book review. We might buy it.

Let us know what you like, don't like, think we need, don't need, etc. We're always open to suggestion and this magazine is for you. So, write, call, email, whatever, but let us know what you think.

Until then, stay frosty!

— JoAnn



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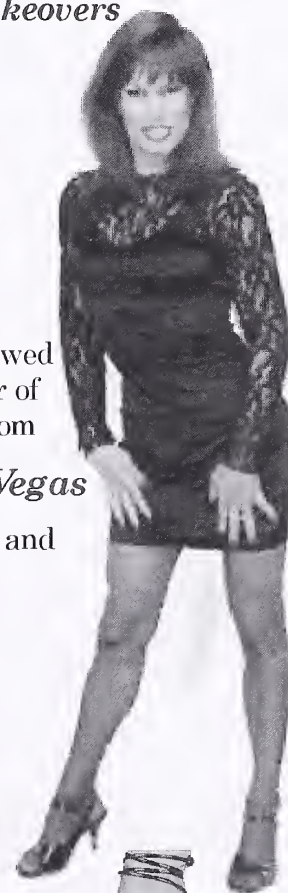
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